Britannia and Eve

2/-

CHRISTMAS 1947

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 35, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1947

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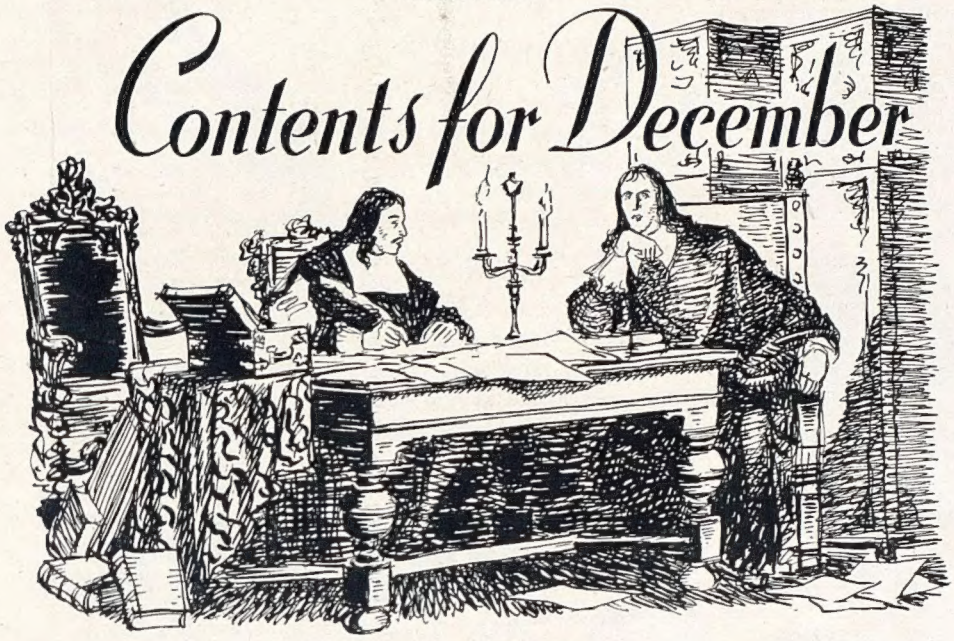

John Milton. Born December 9, 1608, died November 8, 1674. The great poet's works include "Comus," "Lycidas" and "Il Penseroso." He is shown in the above illustration dictating to Andrew Marvell

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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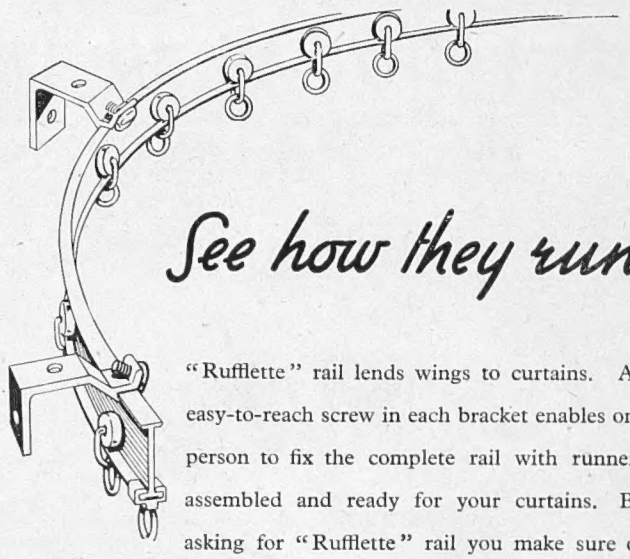

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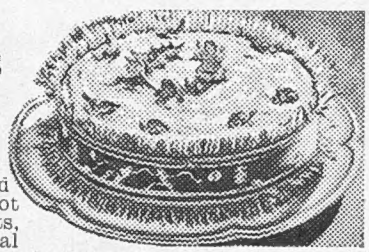


Here are recipes for popular Christmas items. You'll find that, though they're not extravagant with ingredients, they give you the traditional Christmassy flavour.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

3 oz. sugar, 4 oz. margarine, 3 level tablespoons warmed treacle or syrup, 8 oz. plain flour, ½ level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 2 eggs, fresh or dried, 1 lb. mixed dried fruit, 3 tablespoons cold tea.

Cream the sugar and margarine together and beat in the treacle or syrup. Mix the flour, soda, salt and spices together. Add alternately with the eggs to the creamed mixture and beat well. Add the fruit and mix in the tea. Put the mixture into a 7" tin, lined with greased paper, and bake in a very moderate oven for 2½ hours.

ICING: *6 oz. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon water, few drops lemon juice or lemon substitute.* Sift sugar into a bowl to remove lumps, add water and lemon juice and mix till smooth with a wooden spoon. Spread with knife on cake, dipping knife into water occasionally to give a smooth surface. This is sufficient for a thin layer on top of 7" cake.

CHRISTMAS ROAST

Suitable joints are ribs of beef, breast of lamb or veal, loin of lamb or veal. Approximate size for 4 people will be 3 lb. Joints should be boned before stuffing, and surplus fat removed.

STUFFING: *9 oz. stale bread, soaked and squeezed, 3 level teaspoons salt, 3 level tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, 4 level teaspoons mixed dried herbs, 1 level tablespoon dried egg,* DRY.

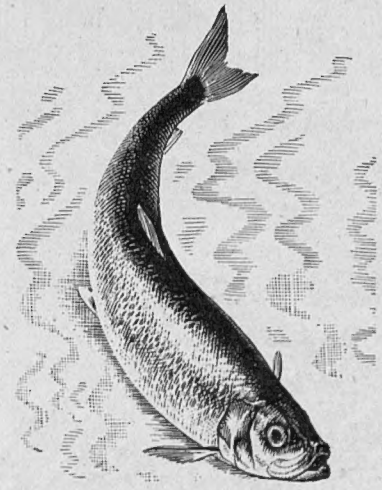
Mix ingredients well with a fork and spread a layer of mixture along the inside of the meat. Roll meat up into a neat shape and tie with string or tape to keep it in shape. Bake in a hot oven for 10 mins., reduce heat to slow or moderate and continue cooking for a further 1¼-1½ hours. Make any remaining stuffing into balls, fry or bake them separately and serve round the meat.

MINCEMEAT

½-¾ lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. apples, 3-4 oz. sugar, 2-4 oz. suet or melted margarine, 2 level tablespoons marmalade, ½ level teaspoon mixed spice, ½ level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ level teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon lemon juice or essence, a few drops rum essence.

Chop fruit finely and grate apples. Add other ingredients and mix very thoroughly. Put into small jars and tie down securely. Store in a cool dry place. If the larger quantities of fruit, sugar and fat are used, this will keep for several weeks, but with the smaller amounts, it should be used within about 10 days.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.186



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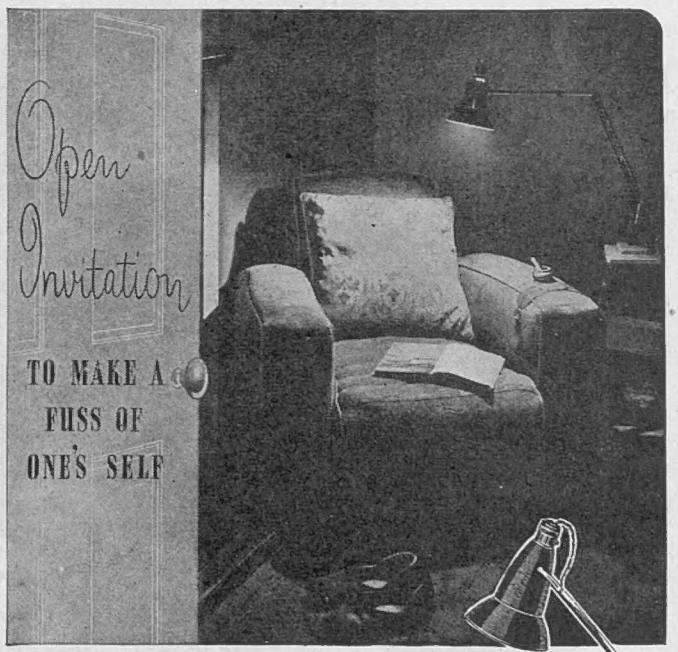

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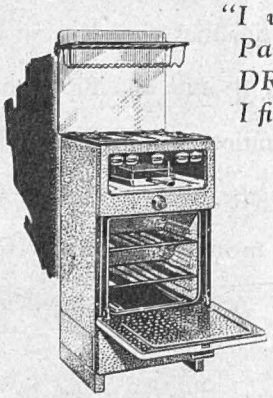

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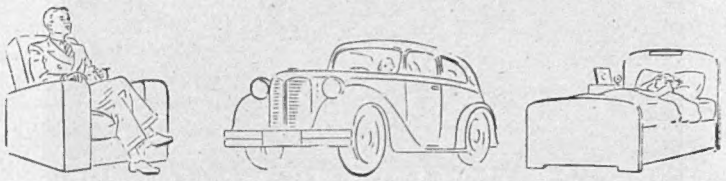

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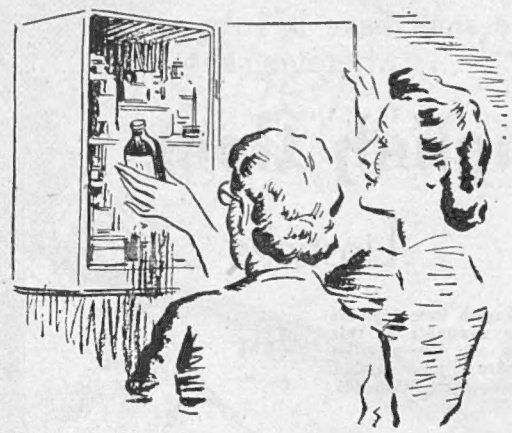

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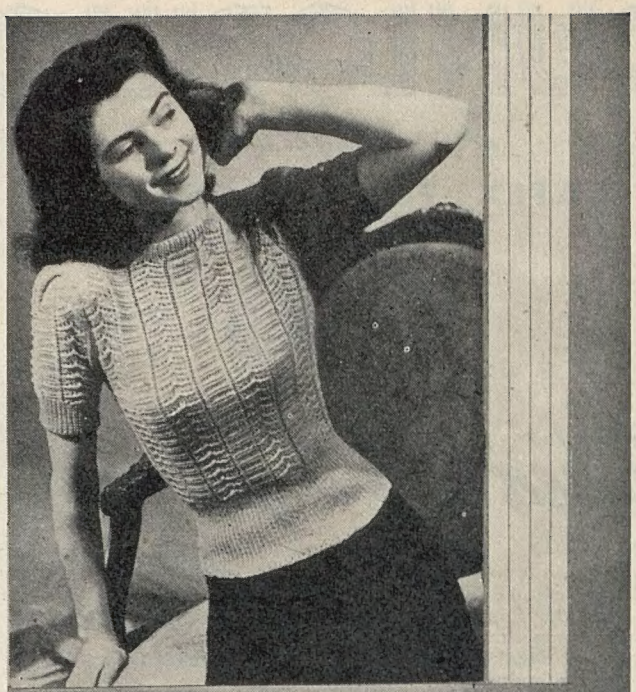

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Britannia and Eve

Elizabethans bringing in the Yule-log.

It was Alan Hibbert, their producer, who had christened them "The Four Fools." "Three might make a triangle," Jim Warren had said

BEFORE the opening of the last act Caryl Temperley peered through the hole in the curtain and calculated that there were not more than fifty people in the small theatre which, when full, could hold 150.

The stage manager found his place in the prompt copy and nodded sympathetically. "Hardwell brought round the returns. Fifteen pounds."

She knew that he was thinking they were licked. She stood in the wings and watched Props dress the last act. They were not licked. The Venture must not be allowed to die.

She was a tall, thin girl, with hollows at her throat and in her cheeks. Sometimes she looked more than her twenty-five years, because the spirit drove the body too hard, made the blue-grey eyes too bright and gave to her skin a curiously transparent look. She was not very interested in her appearance. She parted her heavy golden hair and coiled it in a knot at the nape of her neck. It was the oval of her face and the wide but subtly curved mouth that made people think her so beautiful. It was a remote, classic beauty, not to everyone's taste. "Striking," said those who did not admire her.

Fifteen pounds. Her hands clenched themselves at her sides. In three years it had come to this. They had been so young, Barry and Alan and Jim Warren and herself. They had starved that the Venture might succeed. They had worked like demons. They had taken snubs and slights. They had begged and borrowed. It was Alan Hibbert, their producer, who had christened them "The Four Fools."

"Three might make a triangle," Jim Warren had said, laughing. Everything had been done to laughter in those days. It had supplied all their background music.

They were only three now, because Jim Warren had gone away—just for a little—to collect the odd laurel to add to their wreath. When he came back he must find them at their posts.

She saw the stage manager ring the bar bell. She saw Barry Newbolt stroll on to the set. She was tensed, ready. She heard the shuffle of feet in the auditorium. The stage manager pressed the warning bell for the curtain. Barry was standing up-stage, quiet, collected, his mind on his work. If it had been Jim Warren he would have been laughing, flirting, playing tricks till the last moment. Well, Jim Warren wasn't here any more. The stage manager pressed the curtain bell.

It was a sluggish, unwilling audience that was not sure it liked this clever new play with the long speeches and the lack of love interest.

Barry Newbolt was a fine actor, but the Venture Company had never been quite the same since Jim Warren went to America. His portrait still hung in the hall. The old-timers always looked at it as they left the theatre. They would speak about it to the new-timers.

"You should have seen the company when Jim Warren was leading man. Quite different. He had something."

Barry Newbolt was not jealous. "Good old Jim," he would say. "I guess he was magnetic."

Magnetic. Caryl Temperley wondered if that were the operative word. Jim hadn't been a very good actor. He had played on his personality, played for applause, played for sympathy. And because she had loved him, she had played twice as well when they were together.

Three years ago, when the Venture was just starting, he had asked her to marry him.

"Oh, Jim, we 're too busy just now," she had said lightly. One wanted time for the luxury of love.

She had always meant to marry him. Not just that moment, but later. It had never occurred to her that he wouldn't ask her again. In six months' time his attention was monopolised by his own success.

It was then as if he had forgotten that he had ever loved her enough to offer her his name—a name which was coming to have some value. He had settled down into an affectionate, sentimental intimacy. They were an acting team. She still thought that some day they would be a married couple.

It was John Henley, talent scout, who had changed everything. Within a week he had Jim Warren signed to appear on Broadway and his passage booked for New York.

Jim himself had been apologetic. "You do understand, don't you, Caryl? I 'm going so that when I come back we can do bigger and better things without this nagging worry about money."

The world felt flat. She tried to be reasonable, to recognise that good sense was on his side. "I understand, Jim."

"You can't do your best work when you 're always wondering whether you 'll be able to pay the company Friday night. When I come back we 'll set the town by the ears."

"That what you want?"

He laughed. "I want to see managers crawling on their bellies for permission to star us at Drury Lane."

She supposed that he was being funny. He couldn't be blamed because she wasn't in the mood for it. It is always easier to be the one who is going than the one who is left. "You won't change," she said.

"Not in a million years."

She remembered the night of the farewell party. They never had any money, but Alan had a large room in the dingy house where he lodged and they had beer and sausage-rolls, and they tried to pretend that they didn't mind losing their leading man.

Over his beer-mug, Alan Hibbert looked critically at the actor whom he had developed into a star. He remembered hours of gruelling rehearsals when he had tried to teach Jim Warren that the easiest way was not always the best. He had been wrong. Now the easiest way was paying dividends.

Barry Newbolt wailed softly. "And I have to follow in this fellow's footsteps."

"At least," said Alan, who knew that Barry could act Jim Warren off the stage, "you 'll know your lines."

"Sometimes," said Jim Warren, "I don't believe that Alan loves me."

They had laughed then and the tension eased, and they vied with one another in a welter of reminiscences. "Do you remember when we started?" . . . "Do you remember that awful first night?" . . . "Do you remember how we couldn't pay the carpenter, and Alan popped his watch? . . . No one had ever seen a producer without a watch before."

Caryl remembered other things. Kisses at rehearsals, kisses on the stage. Love-making that was only half-pretence. Jim so much part of her daily life that she could not imagine the Venture without him. Jim and she walking home to their digs, discussing endlessly the events of the day. Jim in and out of her dressing-room. Jim and she at the local snack-bar counting their money to see if they could

He noticed vaguely that Alan was standing behind Caryl, truculent, protective, and that he was holding her hand. "How are the glasses?" He lifted the champagne bottle out of the ice-bucket. "We haven't drunk our toast yet—'The Four Fools'"

afford a second coffee. Jim and she on Sundays in the park hearing each other's lines. Jim and she—and then suddenly there would be only Alan and Barry.

"You 'll go uppish," she heard Alan saying.

"Not on your life! I 'll come back and shift the scenery——"

"Nonsense! You 'll come back and play for us?"

"Minute I get back I 'll push old Barry into the orchestra pit and take over."

"Is that a promise?"

"It 's a promise." Laughingly they all drank to it. Yet the shadow of parting lay heavy on them.

"Don't forget us, Warren. The Four Fools," said Barry, and raised his glass.

"I 'll never forget you. I 'm part of you, you chumps." Jim Warren's voice was warm and vibrant, his handsome face alive and eager. "We four. We started this thing. We 're sort of indivisible."

"That 's what you think now." Alan's voice was dry. The smile on his plain, honest face was ironic. Caryl was impatient with him for trying to crab Jim Warren's last exit.

Jim Warren had only laughed and slapped Alan on the back. "You taught me all I know. I 'll have to come back for lessons. Remember how bad I was?"

"I remember."

Presently, thought Caryl, she and Jim would walk back to her digs and she would promise to wait for him.

Even while she was thinking this a long, sleek, black car had driven up and John Henley had appeared unexpectedly and had carried Jim Warren off hurriedly to meet some people who mattered. There had been a lot of hand-clasps between the men and Jim Warren had kissed Caryl, and then he was gone.

Barry had reached for his hat. "We shall miss old Jim," he said. "'Night, you two."

Caryl looked down at the empty street. Alan cleared the mess of beer off the table. "Rum go, old Jim Warren being the first to get his name in lights."

Caryl's temper had snapped. "Alan, I believe you 're jealous!"

He looked across at her, his dark eyes eager in his plain face. "Didn't you know, Caryl, that I was always jealous of Jim Warren, but not, my sweet, of the fact that he was going to have his name in lights?"

She knew then that Alan loved her, that he had loved her for a long time. Little things that had passed unnoticed in the excitement of Jim Warren's company came back to her mind. He had stood aside and let Jim Warren absorb her thoughts. She smiled at him. She liked him. She was sorry it wasn't any use. Jim Warren would come back for her some day soon. That was eighteen months ago.

SHE heard her cue. She moved to take her place on the stage. She ceased to be Caryl Temperley. She became the exquisite instrument through which Alan Hibbert expressed his ideas.

The last curtain came down and the audience, shuffling, feeling for their coats, applauded feebly, intermittently. Caryl was tired as she went up the stone stairs to her dressing-room.

Fifteen pounds in the house. If things didn't look up, then for the first time in three years they might have to haul down the "banner of the ideal."

Alan was waiting for her in her dressing-room, in the armchair, his long legs stretched in front of him. The dresser had disappeared. He must have sent her home so that they could talk money. On the small table was a Thermos of coffee and some rather grim-looking sandwiches.

She undid the hooks at the side of her frock, pulled it over her head and slipped into a faded old cotton kimono. She took her seat and drew the pot of cold cream thoughtfully towards her.

"We 're beaten, aren't we, Alan?"

"I 'm afraid so, my darling." He smiled. "I suppose we were beaten when Jim Warren walked out on us. We thought we were giving the public the kind of theatre it ought to have. We weren't. We were giving them a second-rate actor with a lot of personal charm. He 's gone. They stay away."

"Maybe he 'll come back in time to save us," she said softly.

"Like the Marines in the last act." He watched her silently while she powdered, while she shook out her long, thick hair and twisted it back into a simple knot. Saying good-bye to a dream. "I saw a par. in the *Standard*," he said. "Rumour that he 's going to make a picture here."

She swung round then to look at him. "Alan, let 's hold on till he gets back. Please. The four of us again. He 'd be so disappointed if he found that we hadn't been able to hold on."

"You think he 'd care, Caryl?"

"I know he 'd care." Her voice was warm. Alan had never been fair to Jim Warren.

"Then I hope he comes soon. I like to eat." He came over then and stood behind her chair and studied the reflection of her face in the mirror and noted the little hollows that had no business in her cheeks. "I love you," he said casually. "I 'm awfully tired of loving you, Caryl. I wish I could recover. I want a nice girl who will love me back. Why can't I find a girl like that and fall for her and stop mooning round after you?"

"I 'd be awfully lonely without you," she said.

"You deserve to be lonely. Why don't you love me?"

"Maybe I do. I don't know. Please, Alan, dear. Give me a little longer."

She couldn't tell him. He would laugh. "*Desolate and sick of an old passion.*" Dowson, was it? Out of place here. There was a shadow between herself and Alan Hibbert—the shadow of a second-rate actor. Alan deserved an undivided heart.

"When we close up here I 'm going to get a job as far away from you as I know how."

"When we close up here," she said, "something will die in each one of us—in you and me and Barry and Jim Warren."

"Maybe it 's overdue for burial."

She shook her head. "We 'll be just theatre folk. We 'll stop being pioneers and adventurers. We 'll stop blazing a trail. We 'll stop thinking for ourselves."

"We 'll start to make money."

"I 'll have a mink coat." Her voice was angry. "I don't want a mink coat, Alan. I want to play the parts I like. Anyone can be just an actress and have a mink coat. I want to be different."

He dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "I have an idea you 'll always be different, my darling."

When he bent down to kiss her she put her hands on his and held him for a moment. If the Marines were really arriving she would need Alan more than ever. He was strong and she was frightened.

IT was next day, when the exhausting rehearsal was over and the rest of the company had left, that Barry asked: "Why don't we pack up? No one wants to see us act."

Alan glanced across at Caryl. "We're waiting for Jim Warren," he said. "The Four Fools must stay intact. It seems the only flag of welcome Warren will want when he lands back home is the banner of the ideal."

Barry dug a battered copy of the *Stage* out of his side pocket. "He's coming by sea."

Caryl, who had been lying dead on the stage settee, sat up suddenly. "Has he really started?"

"Yesterday, on the *Queen Mary*."

"I thought he would have cabled."

"He's waiting to surprise us," said Alan. "And he will probably succeed."

FOUR days later there was a gossip par. in the *Star*. Among the passengers on the *Queen Mary* was Jim Warren, who had come home to play the lead in the film version of "Song of Joy." It appeared that he looked bronzed and well, that he loved America, but was glad to be home. The paragraph read like all those other paragraphs about returning stars. It read as if it had been turned out of a sausage machine.

When Alan showed the story to Caryl that evening he noticed with a contraction of the heart that the paper trembled in her hand.

"He'll be down to-night," she said. "You'll see."

"If he isn't, we'll go up to town to see him. The Four Fools in a suite at the Savoy. Sounds like something in the last reel of the picture. Then two of the figures detach themselves and walk away together into the sunset. Only, which two?"

"It'll be too late for sunset," she said evasively.

"Make mine a moon, then," he said. "I'm going to 'phone him."

She held up her face like a child for a kiss. "You're too good to me, Alan," she whispered.

"No, only too patient."

He told them between the acts that Warren couldn't get down that night, but that he would be expecting them after the show. Alan had arranged for a car.

"All that way!"

"From the outer darkness to the inner lights. We don't want to arrive looking like something the commissionaire throws out."

"We've got to do Warren credit," said Barry.

"We'll do that all right," said Alan, his eyes on Caryl.

It was characteristic of her, he thought, that she hadn't made the slightest effort to dress up for the ocasion. There was, he supposed, a certain arrogance in her take-me-or-leave-me attitude. She wore an old black frock and a short fur coat that was last winter's long fur coat cut down and which looked what it was. Her narrow feet were in a pair of shabby black satin sandals. She wore a dusting of powder, a touch of lipstick. Yet, he thought, she makes all other women look insignificant.

Caryl was sick with fear. Her hand inside Alan's was cold and her fingers held desperately to his. One moment she wanted to see Jim Warren, wanted to be sure he hadn't changed, wanted to know that he had waited. Next moment she wanted to run away, to postpone this meeting so that she could go back into her dream.

Somehow Caryl had expected that Jim would be alone, but when they were shown into his suite they found already half-a-dozen other people drinking and talking, bright, metallic, well-dressed people. Jim Warren detached himself from the company and came forward to meet the three with hands outstretched.

"The Four Fools," he said gaily, and then he was kissing Caryl with that expert actor's kiss that somehow felt different when Jim Warren was the man behind the kiss.

They stepped back and examined one another. He was browner, better filled out, better dressed, more self-assured. Still gay and eager, but somehow grown into a man of the world.

As he smiled at her, he wondered with a shock why she was so thin, why more than ever her soul seemed to be shining in her eyes. She was lovely, but did she need to be so badly dressed? He swung back to the company with Caryl's hand still in his own. "These are my dearest friends," he said, and made the necessary introductions.

The strangers began to melt away. Funny, thought Caryl, there was a time when I knew (*Continued on page* 48)

He drew her gently away from the river and they started to walk again. He was very happy. Everything was going to be all right

Love the Giver

By C. Patrick Thompson

"NO, I don't think it's at all suitable for Tommy. The mug's nice, but —'*Love the Giver*'! That inscription could give him inhibitions."

Going Christmas shopping with a young woman doctor specializing in psychiatry can suggest that human nature is a much more complex affair than one had imagined. Christmas is one long concession to "human nature." We over-eat, revive old pagan rites, drag in the ancient mistletoe myth as an excuse for kissing other men's wives and girls. But the gift-giving-and-receiving side of the seasonal saturnalia never had struck me as being complex until I ran across my doctor friend looking over ornamental milk mugs to help fill her infant son's stocking.

The inscription on the mug, a cream china affair decorated with pink roses and forget-me-nots entwined, suggested to mamma that every time sonny-boy picked it up he would be reminded that it was a present from mamma, but it had a hook attached to it. He must love her in return. And this was bad for his budding character. Or maybe she was concerned subconsciously with inhibitions of her own—she mustn't buy sonny-boy's love with gifts.

Fortunately, the lay citizen rides the surface of these things. If he didn't, the Scrooges would never innocently indulge in the barter, goose for goodwill, goodwill for goose; and the merchants, who look for their peak season between now and the new Year, with gift-buying sustaining the boom, would be cursing a slump.

"Gifts beget gifts," said the manager of one of London's biggest stores, when I discussed the phenomenon with him. "It's not a one-way traffic." I asked him what he thought would happen if it were. He shrugged. "I daresay volume would drop seventy-five per cent. Perhaps one in four or five people *like* to give. The rest don't see why they should if they don't receive."

GIVING has its cycles, its rhythms, its seasonal up and down swings; but it never stops. Withdraw the giving spirit from mankind, and millions would starve, or perish through lack of hospital and like facilities, while great institutions would crash as their financial foundations crumble.

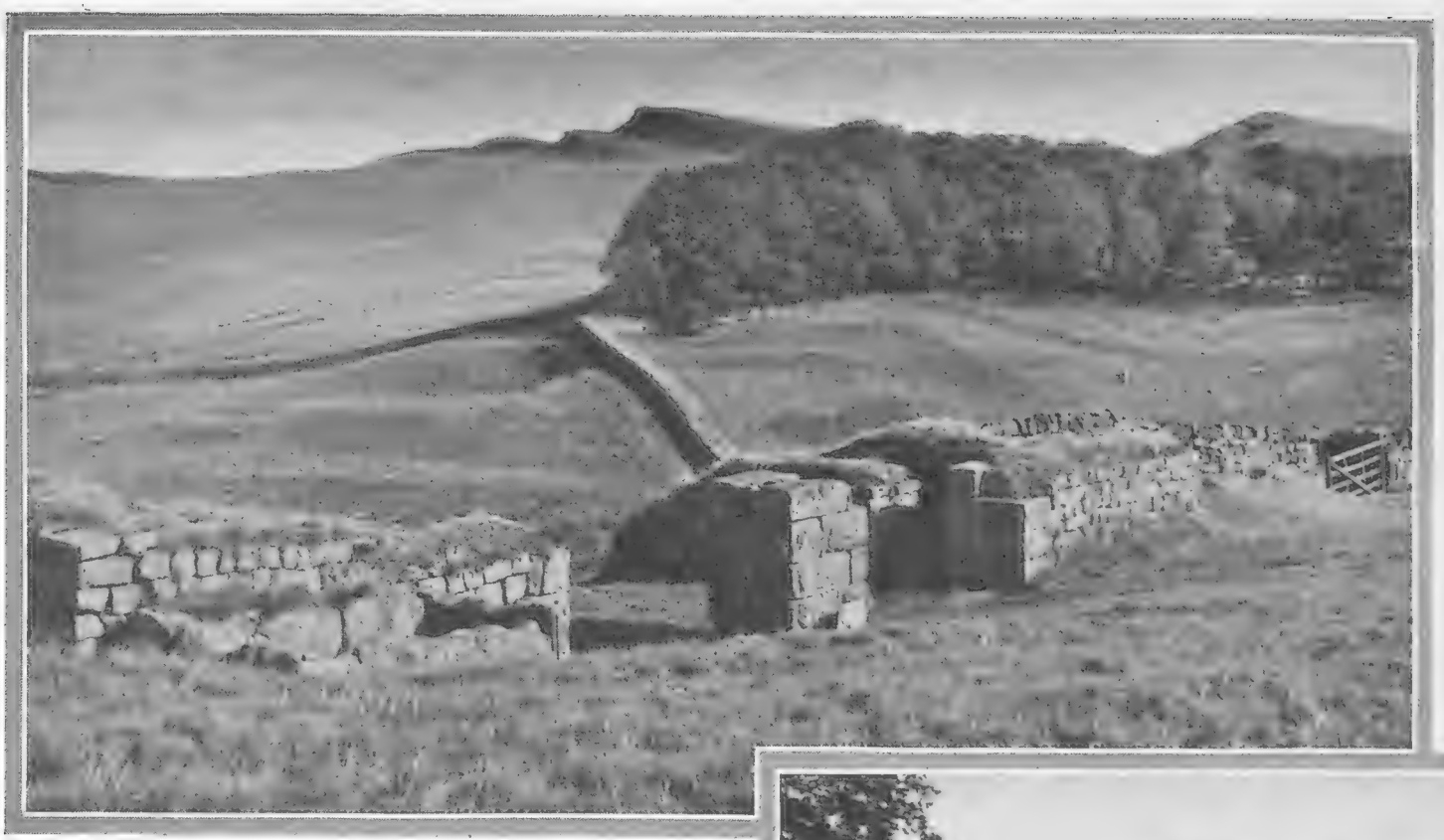
The Church of England derives an income of some £3,000,000 annually from about £50,000,000 of investments managed by Queen Anne's Bounty Corporation, but its main finance comes from the gifts dropped into the plates passed every Sunday in the parishes of the forty-three dioceses. These voluntary offerings run from six to seven millions a year, or about the total gross income of the 13,000 incumbents.

It's the "Peter's pence" of the Ismailian millions which maintain the Aga Khan, the titular head of the sect, in opulent splendour. He keeps £100,000 or so, and siphons the rest back to help the needy among the Moslem faithful. It's an old two-way system: receive—and give; give—and receive.

"Gifts captivate both men and gods," says Ovid. Julius Caesar acted on that maxim. So did Napoleon. The Corsican, who had an agate eye and a carborundum heart, was always giving things, barrels of francs, jewels, dukedoms, marshal's batons, and sending back messages to Josephine from campaign H.Q. to give this to that personage, that to another, and not to forget somebody else. The cynic, away, wanted to exercise remote control. He would buy gratitude, win a loyalty, remind a recipient that Napoleon was still the fount from which all good things could flow to the deserving.

A little story of his early career puts the spotlight on this royal giving. As a rising general, after Marengo, he went to see Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who had achieved fame and influence through his "Paul and Virginia" idyll. Bernardin in real life was an irascible and egotistical fellow, always demanding jobs, appointments, pensions, favours. General Bonaparte did not neglect to leave a roll of gold louis behind on the mantelpiece before leaving. Later, when Napoleon needed the plaudits of publicists, Saint-Pierre surged forward with loud cries. "Hero philosopher! Heaven at length sends us a deliverer!" As some other persons, after that whiff of grape, and again on his assumption of the purple, were calling him other things, Bonaparte must have reckoned that his present had paid off very well in dividends and bonuses.

SOME people give quietly. Arnold Bennett and J. M. Barrie made many gifts, out of sheer kindliness, (*Continued on page* 48)



Romance Of The Roman Wall

By G. Bernard Wood

BY a strange trick of circumstance the nation is now having to come to the defence of a remarkable defensive system that once protected England against raiders for well-nigh three centuries. Hadrian's Wall, stretching originally from coast to coast—between Solway on the west and Wallsend, near Newcastle, on the east—is now scheduled as one of the new National Parks.

To say that an area of 193 square miles will thus be protected from further spoliation, and made fully accessible to the public, may mean little to those who have not been bitten by what North country-folk call "Wall madness." This is not a disease, unless you would give that name to an urge which drives all kinds of wayfarers—after their first scent of "Wall romance"—to go on from one camp to the next; to go on untiringly from grand stretches of the rampart as it strides for miles over ridge and towering crag, down to boulder-strewn defiles, there to ferret amongst the bracken and heather for remnants of a mile-castle, maybe, or of a well in which some legionary might have cast an offering to placate some god; and even then to go on, for the Wall is a tantalizing mistress, always withholding more than is given. No sooner have you pieced together one part of the fascinating story, than some fresh thing unearthed by the archaeologist's spade pulls you up. Usually the "find" enhances the story. Occasionally it calls for the reorientation of an entire "chapter."

The lounge in the regimental bath-house at Chesters. The seven niches are thought to have held the soldiers clothing as they proceeded through the cold, warm and hot baths

On right:
The Rogue Measure, taking twenty pints of wheat instead of the seventeen pints marked as its capacity. This measure was probably used by the Romans to defraud the Britons, was found in a marsh in 1915, and is now kept in Chesters museum

Throughout its length of approximately 73 miles, the Wall exercises this irresistible lure in spite, perhaps because, of many gaps in the old fortification—gaps caused by stones having been removed by the cartload at various times since the Romans departed. Lanercost Priory (twelfth century) was built from Roman stones, perhaps even from the masonry of Petriana—one of the "missing" stations on the Wall. Thirlwall Castle (fourteenth century), Denton Hall, Sewingshields Farm and many other buildings *en route* all testify to a similar origin. St. Wilfrid used Corstopitum (the Roman station near Corbridge) as a quarry when he built

On Left:
Looking north-east from the north gate of Borcovicium (Housteads) towards the Sewingshields section of Hadrian's Wall

Hexham Priory about 674, and when, over 1,000 years later, General Wade tried to get his guns across to Carlisle to intercept Prince Charlie—and failed, the Government ordered a road to be made; practically the whole of the Wall from Newcastle to Sewingshields was dismantled and used as its foundations!

More recently, local farmers have followed ancient precedent by taking some of the stones to repair field-walls and outbuildings, and quarrying operations by the Wall near Greenhead have threatened and

A beautiful section of Hadrian's Wall clinging to the edge of the Whinstone Ridge as it sweeps over Cuddy's Crag towards Borcovicium—just beyond the trees

partially destroyed particularly fine stretches of what is, after all, a unique historic treasure.

Though the Wall itself and the magnificent country of which it has for eighteen centuries formed an almost integral part, has thus been open to considerable pillaging, several of the most important forts and camps associated with the Wall have already been rescued from modern despoilers, though somewhat belatedly. Borcovicium has been in the hands of the National Trust since 1930, Cilurnum has long been in private ownership, while Corstopitum is under the control of the Ministry of Works.

Actually the Wall is a generic term embracing, first, the stone rampart itself which is generally 7 feet 6 inches thick and of varying heights; originally it may have stood 15 feet or more from ground level. Slightly to the north is the Ditch—except where precipitous crags such as those carrying the Wall between Sewingshields and Peel Crag made this unnecessary; while to the south is the Vallum, another ditch-like construction which acted as a kind of boundary beyond which, maybe, Britons trading with the Romans were not allowed to pass.

Add to these features several forts, each garrisoned by 500 to 1,000 men, with a series of mile-castles (separated by Roman miles, i.e. about 1,600 yards to the mile) for the convenience of soldiers on sentry duty, and a number of turrets where sentries would give warning of danger by fire and smoke signals, and you have a picture of the elaborate system which the Emperor Hadrian and his lieutenants devised to check the raiding Picts. Until recently it was impossible to say how long it took to build the Wall. The riddle is now solved. A dedicatory tablet discovered about 1936 supplies the answer—only four years, viz. A.D. 122–126, though some of the forts were extended later.

Three (*Continued on page 52*)

On Left:
One of the Granaries at Borcovicium (Housteads), where corn bought—sometimes fraudulently—from the Britons was stored. Only the supporting pillars remain

CHRISTMAS—all over the World

This Christmas Will Be More Uneven In Its Bounty Than Either Of Its Two Predecessors

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"IN consequence of which Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas Day, passed orders to that effect, and resolved to sit on the following day which was commonly called Christmas Day."

No, this is not a boiling down of Hansard in the days of Old Austerity, although some may choose to discern a link between its Cromwellian revulsion from the pleasures of the senses and the "kick" which a lot of contemporaries will get from our enforced abstinence this coming once-festive season, and the consequent "example" we shall be to other nations.

One would like to remind the maceration wallahs that love of good food has survived all wars, pestilences and misery, has ever gone with the highest civilizations; that the art of good living, almost forgotten during the Dark Ages, was quickly revived once they had been left behind; that one of the happiest Englands we can summon, followed on the popularizing of Christmas by Dickens. But it would be waste of breath. As likely as not, the effect would be to draw homilies from John Calory and Dr. Edith Calorie on how much fitter we shall feel after forty-eight hours' immunity from turkey gorging, punch swilling, and nicotine absorption.

Yes, we shall have two whole days during which, instead of wassailing in high and low society, listening to exultation over real toys, and faring forth on petrol to foster friendship, we shall be able to sit at home listening to beautiful thoughts on the wireless, interspersed by more personal thoughts as to the precise current location of our seasonable exports, and Christian thoughts in respect of fellow citizens wolfing black turkey and draining Scotch at £7 a bottle.

Not even the delight of a visit to a blackout cinema, nor our extra bag of sweets and pat of butter, shall stop our thoughts awandering. Some of them will wander as far as the Swiss snows and these may be the most frustrated thoughts of all.

What more natural at a time of goodwill than to reflect how this Christmas will be more uneven in its bounty than either of its two predecessors? Since 1945 the world that celebrates Christmas has drifted increasingly into two fragments, into those who have, and those who have not; so much so, indeed, that the most suitable toast by the former could be to the latter.

Which raises the question: Should we in Britain be included in the toast? It's difficult to say. One or two others are in the same boat. With luck we shall have warmth and light, and not go hungry, and real Have-Nots are lacking in each of these primeval needs. There's small use in tying pretty bows on the Yule that awaits us, yet perhaps we are in some kind of halfway house between the satiety of America and the unblest plates of Germany.

Ah, mistake there! Of *much* of Germany. In tackling Have-Notism it behoves to look all around and in the case of Germany a vast farming community will eat its fill. That goes for other lands too, which profess to be on the hunger line. The unequalness of nourishment among the nations is matched by a parallel disparity inside those nations, or several of them. Country versus town. Not nearly enough attention has been paid to that tug-of-peace.

Still, Germany is one's first thought because in no other land did the Yuletide festival cleave so universally. *Weinachten*! For weeks beforehand, not only did the children talk of it; the shop windows proclaimed its oncoming in glittering illumination and array. Geese and sucking pig hung forth in fat enticement, and under miniature fir trees gingerbread and marzipan fought for elbow room with preserved fruits and schnapps.

Except for a sprinkling of parties for children, given by the occupation forces, and schnapps sessions which will be the fiercer in ratio to the sordid troglodyte nature of their surroundings, not much of *Weinachten* will survive outside the packed churches—and the rich farmers and black market bosses. But, of schnapps, there should be no shortage. The dearth of potatoes is in some measure due to the manufacture of schnapps in the Soviet Zone on account of its revenue-earning capacity. Out of a ton of potatoes one hectolitre of 96 per cent spirit can be made. This again can be turned into 400 three-quarter litre bottles of 30 per cent schnapps, costing 90 marks each in a restaurant and 42 marks (a guinea) retail.

Vienna's Christmas cannot differ greatly from Berlin's, save that there are many more roofs up in the former and the Wienerwald as back garden to tramp in. In small, elongated Austria, as a

(*Continued on page* 52)

Sir Framley And The Bear

A Comedy Of The Frozen North

By Jo MacDonald

A MAGNIFICENT, white polar bear was standing on an ice floe staring out to sea. The name of this polar bear was Peary. Behind him lay his wife, Minerva. She, too, was staring out to sea, and it was plain from both their expressions that they were worried. Everyone had sympathized with them and said all the kindest things possible, and now the Pearys were left alone on their ice floe staring sadly out to sea.

The fact was that the Pearys had just had their first cub, and you would have thought that would have made them joyful enough. He was a particularly fine-looking cub, too, with neat paws and a straight back. Why then, you may be wondering, were the Pearys so depressed, and why were they delaying so long over the christening?

All the time Minerva had spent lying in an ice hole waiting for the cub she had tried out the most suitable names for a polar bear, names like Ursula, Blanche or Stella, in case it was a girl, and Whitney, Hunter or Maritimus in case it was a boy. But the cub, when he appeared was not white. He was black, an intense, midnight black without a single white hair anywhere, and the Pearys had examined him closely all over before breaking the astounding news to their friends. Their child was not like other children, and although he was plainly a bear, he was not polar.

This, then, was the cause of the Pearys' gloom, and their gloom had even infected the high spirits of their cub. Only a few minutes before he had made a vain attempt to whiten himself by making a broad streak of snow down his back from his muzzle to the stump of his tail, which made him look rather like a badger. He was now standing quite still behind his mother, anxious that none of the snow should fall off before she turned and saw him.

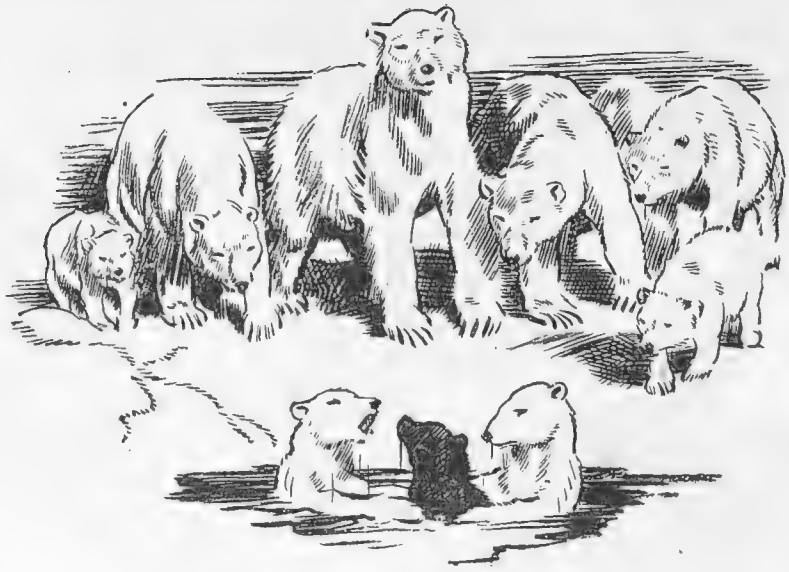
They called the black cub Archie between themselves for want of a better name, and meanwhile the christening hung fire. No day had been settled and no invitations had been sent out, the Pearys staying alone on their ice floe, not caring to mix with the other families.

Unfortunately some of the snow on Archie's muzzle began melting and a trickle ran down over his nostrils. Very much against his will he sneezed. Immediately all the snow on his back vanished, most of it going over his mother who shook herself a little wearily and said: "Archie, must you?"

HE might be seen trudging through the snow exhorting his two dogs to pick up their feet and not hang back so

Archie was now quite black and unadorned. His father, turning round at that moment, thought he had never seen anything quite so black before. Peary sighed deeply, turned back again to the green sea and resumed his troubled thoughts.

He was wondering when a black bear had ever married into the Peary family, and he was now going branch by branch along the family tree. There was only one member of the family, he remembered, who had ever left the Arctic Circle, and that was his grandfather, Peerless. Peerless, a great traveller, had once made a trip south on drifting ice and had been absent a suspicious number of years. He



"I do declare this boy to be named Archibald"

had eventually returned, however, with a son, a perfectly white polar bear, so he had never been pressed to give a too close account of his travels. But certainly he must have gone ashore somewhere on the North American continent and met a black bear. Peary was quite certain, now, of what had happened. His grandfather, always very gallant, had been bewitched by a glossy black coat and a pair of shining eyes and with this lady he must have settled down. Peary suddenly spoke his thoughts aloud.

"It was grandfather, Peerless."

Minerva nodded her beautiful head slowly for her thoughts had taken much the same course as his.

"Yes, it must have been, Peerless."

"I've heard it said," Peary went on, "that you do sometimes get a throwback in the third generation."

The third generation was still standing dutifully behind his parents, not quite understanding their conversation, but well aware that it concerned him.

"Father," he asked, after a pause. "Do you think I'll go white next year?"

Both his parents looked at him. White indeed ! Their troubled eyes met for a moment, then went back again to his glossy black coat. It did seem extremely unlikely. At the same time they did not want to hurt his feelings. Minerva stroked his black muzzle with her milk white paw and Peary cleared his deep throat.

"You never know, boy," he said kindly. "You never know."

And with that faint hope Archie had to be content.

ONLY a few miles away from them at that moment was another curiosity, a Polar explorer called Sir Framley Hepplewhite, and if the Peary family was destined to produce a black bear with every third generation, the Hepplewhite family had certainly produced a great many mad baronets, and this one, Sir Framley, was without any doubt the maddest of them all, for he had taken, at the age of seventy, to Polar exploration.

Sir Framley Hepplewhite, in fact, held most unusual theories on Polar exploration, and as he has made many successful trips across the ice-cap, it is possible that there may be something in them. It is unfortunate, though, that his expeditions have never had the support of the Colonial Office, but this was simply because he had never written up his notes. Finance, however, was quite a small problem with him, and the few gold sovereigns he had sewn into the turn-ups of his sealskin trousers, usually saw him through a trip. He was, you see, self-supporting and could well dispense with all the paraphernalia of a full-scale expedition. He had no sledge as he lived on the country, no tent as he bedded down each night between his two dogs, no soap or razor as he neither washed nor shaved. Sir Framley Hepplewhite, as you can see, like so many of the English nobility, was an eccentric, but his heart, though it hardened against washing, was absurdly soft when it came to his two sledge dogs, Tracer and Bullet.

Now the purpose of dogs on a Polar expedition is to help pull the food sledges, and if the food is exhausted, the dogs must themselves be eaten. But Sir Framley, since he possessed no sledge, had his two dogs harnessed to his waist, and although each morning the three set out at a brisk pace, by the end of the day it was all too often the old baronet himself who was in the lead, and as the Northern Lights winked coldly ahead he might

SIR FRAMLEY explained his theories on Polar exploration, and showed Archie his knife with the seven blades and the goat's horn handle

be seen trudging through the snow exhorting his two dogs to pick up their feet and not hang back so. But on the whole the three were well content with one another, and at the very end of a day's march the dogs, still quite fresh from being towed along by their leader, would be let loose, and they usually managed to catch a snow hare or something else fairly edible, and this was shared out between the three of them.

This year Sir Framley Hepplewhite was making an east to west traverse of Van Dorpen's Land, leaving, as was his custom, a finely engraved visiting card on each high place weighed down with a stone, so there could be no subsequent doubt of his having passed that way. The crossing of Van Dorpen's Land was no small undertaking, even for a well-organized expedition. As Sir Framley had absolutely no organization, only a strong sense of

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

direction, it was little short of a miracle that he ever did reach his objectives. But he invariably did and always in the same half-starved condition. Sir Framley was altogether too kind to his dogs.

This year, however, his object in crossing Van Dorpen's Land was not cartographic. He had no need to pace out the distances or plumb the inlets with his lead line. He had done all that the year before. He was looking now for a certain grotto where he and his dogs had taken shelter. They had been caught in the path of a blizzard, and sick and blind from the whirling snow and fearfully hungry, they had stumbled upon it. The inside of the grotto was bathed in soft yellow light, the hanging stalactites, the sloping walls and the sandy floor, and there, most wonderful of all they had found some eggs, the beautiful blue-green eggs of the Arctic guillimot.

They stayed in the grotto for two days until the blizzard had blown itself out, and they were two days of the most perfect happiness. Sir Framley mended all the weak places in the seal-skin harness, combed out the knots in his beard and tangles in his dogs coats. He wrote up his notes, counted his visiting cards,

and when there was nothing more to do he lay back against the wall of the grotto and made cat's cradles on his fingers with the plumb line. That was the height of his contentment, and when on the morning of the third day the blizzard had quite spent itself, the old baronet tidied away the egg shells, harnessed himself to his two dogs and left the grotto not with regret, but with the thankfulness of having found it.

Now with a whole year gone by, here was Sir Framley Hepplewhite again harnessed to his two dogs Tracer and Bullet, and blazing the trail with his finely engraved cards. At the time our story opens he was on the fourteenth day of his march, and only one day away from the yellow grotto.

THIS evening, as usual, he let his two dogs loose from their harness, and a moment later they picked up the scent of an Arctic fox and went pelting off through the snow. The fox, however, after one careful look over his shoulder, managed to side-step them behind a hummock, and the two excited dogs went coursing away in full cry over the edge of a crevasse. Well, that was that, and the baronet was left quite alone that evening feeling extremely hungry and with no dogs to keep him warm. He lay down in the hummocks close to the Arctic fox and spent a very cold night. In the morning he turned out his pockets to see if there were any biscuit crumbs left in the corners, but there were none. Still sighing for his dogs, he unwound a fishing net from round his chest and cast it into the sea. It was many years since he had dredged for his breakfast, and heavy-hearted he pulled it in and carried it dripping, back to the hummocks. There he opened his knife, his special explorer's knife with seven blades and a goat's horn handle, and got to work on the strange collection of shells spread out in the net, and his breakfast, if it was rather salty, was at least nourishing. He cleared up the empty shells and threw them back into the sea, shook out the fishing net and wound it round his chest again. Then he took out his comb and worried at some of the knots in his beard and so fixed was his habit, he reached out to comb the tail of his nearest dog when he remembered what had happened to them. He sat quite still while he thought over the situation. It had already taken him two weeks to come but without dogs it might very well take him a month to get back, and if a blizzard should strike him. . . . As he put the comb away he thought of the yellow grotto. There, at least, he would have shelter and could live on the eggs of the Arctic guillimot until he thought of some other way out of his troubles.

MEANWHILE back on the ice floe, Peary, the Polar bear, turned to his wife, Minerva, still lying deep in thought behind him and said :

"Well, my dear, what do you think?"

"Think, dear?"

Peary looked meaningly at their black cub.

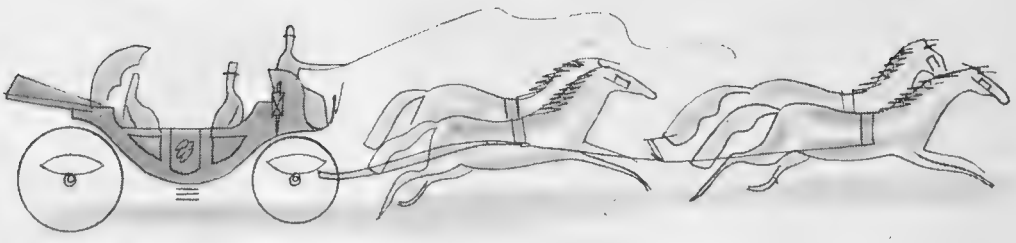
"I don't feel we can delay much longer," He was thinking of the christening. "It's three months already. If we leave it any longer people will begin talking."

"Whatever you say, dear."

"This afternoon, then," Peary declared, glad at last to have come to a decision, "and afterwards——" here he dropped his voice, "afterwards I think it would be better if we left the neighbourhood and went north."

Archie, curled up into a tight ball, listened to his father's words with dread. To go north meant only one thing—exile. All the outcasts went north to live out their lives in loneliness and disgrace, and for the Pearys to go into exile, the proud and respected Pearys . . . the cub trembled and dared not meet his father's eye. His father, though, now that the decision had been made, felt calm. It would be hard on Minerva, who loved friends and community life, but for the sake of the boy they must go north. Peary's sensitive nose twitched (*Continued on page* 54)

The family huddles into the one room where a solitary fire can be kept going



CARRIAGE FOLK No More . . .

By Wilma Buckley

WHY any section of the community should continue to uphold a class-conscious attitude of guerilla warfare towards the so-called "idle rich" is, to me, a puzzle.

There are few rich people left in this country, those that still survive are, more often than not, rich because they have made their pile themselves and not because they have, idly, inherited it. Naturally, there are two or three notable exceptions to this rule . . . as there are always a few exceptions to everything, but (to be trite), one swallow does not make a summer.

Living in the country, as I have been doing for the last few years, I have found myself in a position to make observations and to take metaphorical soundings on the present-day situation of what used to be called "The landed gentry."

The guests arrive on bicycles or donkey-cart

Now, I do not think that it is generally realized *at all* that the landed gentry no longer lead the glamorous lives imagined for them by the world's workers.

Gently and imperceptibly, by gradual stages, the revolution so ardently longed for by the envious, the oppressed, the disgruntled, and the idealistic, has come to pass.

Today (and I have no hesitation in asserting this), the landed gentry lead the life of working farmers.

Lest my statement should seem absurdly exaggerated by comparison with what goes on in London (where conditions are, admittedly, quite different, although I daresay a parallel might be drawn with regard to the small *rentiers* there), I will fillet my assertion into positive details.

IT is true that erstwhile "carriage folk" may still continue to live in large or moderately large manors and mansions, but they work—and work hard—to go on living in them at all. The central heating installed years ago can no longer be used, since fuel supplies do not allow for this; the house must, therefore, remain as cold as charity and most of it be closed. The family huddles into the one room where a solitary fire can be kept going through the worst of the winter, and meals are eaten in the kitchen.

There is no longer any household staff, as the employment of several servants would be prohibitively expensive; and, not unnaturally, any solitary maid is unwilling to tackle the role of "general." Those country-house dwellers who are lucky enough to obtain a few hours of daily help from the village must, of necessity, supplement this with most of the cooking and housework done by themselves.

Apart from what goes on in the house, there remains all the outdoor side of things to be dealt with. Wood must be hauled and chopped, coal hammered into small pieces (since it arrives in lumps as large as boulders), the fowls fed and watered, the household scraps cooked daily to supply those same fowls, the garden dug and tended, fruit and vegetables gathered —to mention only a few items of the daily routine.

THE squire and his wife, the lady of the manor and her family, all put in many hours of voluntary work each week, serving on committees connected with housing, welfare, the W.L.A., nursing, education, and so on, and on parish and district councils; they also help to collect money for various charities and organize meetings, whist drives, dances, and concerts, in aid of the church and of varied communal needs. No nonsense here about a forty-hour week—and no pay, either!

Even recreation has its austere side. Example: The local squire's wife takes an afternoon off and gives a tea-party, for which she and her daughters have saved their rations to produce a cake or two, and have put in some extra work making those cakes. The guests arrive (some on foot, others on bicycles, one on horseback, another in a donkey-cart) late, because they have had to feed their ducks and chickens and geese before changing into party-going clothes (nothing can be done about roughened and reddened hands); they leave early because those same ducks and chickens and geese must be shut up for the night, before it gets too dark.

THE tea-party chatter no longer deals with clothes, amusements, and the lighter side of a leisured life . . . it concerns itself with farming and gardening problems and household hints. No one feels that he or she is any the worse for this translation from the ornamental into the useful, or appears even conscious of change; but the change is there, nevertheless, for better or for worse.

Let those who have grudged (rightly or wrongly, according to individual cases), the degree of cloistered comfort afforded to the privileged in the past, realize that, today, "the county" are no better off, materially, than many of "the workers." There is no longer anyone up at the Hall to answer bells, take the parcels at the back door, turn down beds and draw curtains and fill hot-water bottles at night, wait at table, valet and maid the family, tend the fire, stoke the hot-water boiler, clean the flues, scour the bath; the lady of the house and her family do all these things in addition to the normal duties of running a home and cooking. A round of country-house visits, nowadays, would be merely a (*Continued on page* 61)

More like a wayside halt!

A Queen's Fateful Christmas

Yuletide Festivities At Hampton Court When Anne Boleyn Was Supplanted By Jane Seymour.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

CHRISTMAS 1533 should have been a happy, triumphant one for Anne Boleyn. She had achieved the wildest dreams even of the most designing, intriguing lady-in-waiting—one, moreover, who had no great beauty to commend her, for her face was long and thin, her mouth prim, and though she was inordinately vain of her fine dark eyes, high-arched brows and dazzling complexion, she had not the physical allure of many of her rivals at Henry VIII.'s Court.

But she had supplanted Queen Katharine, as she intended to from the first, seen her and her daughter, the Princess Mary, bitterly humiliated, and the marriage declared null on a plea that even a king could hardly justify.

At Hampton Court she had been installed in a superbly furnished suite with a retinue of attendants. Henry, infatuated, called her "his awne darling," rode with her, taught her to shoot, walked with her in the park and gardens on summer evenings, supped with her in her chamber, gave her handsome money presents, crimson satins and cloth of gold, purple velvets, costly furs, a shooting costume with bows and arrows, a black satin fur-lined evening gown which alone cost £100—more than ten times that at our own values.

THE previous winter they had secretly married at Greenwich, and she could tell her friends, with that complacent humour of the *fait accompli*, "she was now as sure that she should be married to the King, as she was of her own death." In the early summer—when it became apparent that she was to bear a child—the marriage had been disclosed, there was a public ceremony, a honeymoon at Hampton Court with masques, dancing, and banquets. They hunted, played bowls, gambled at shovelboard and other games. She accompanied his romantic songs on the virginals. A new suite of State rooms was being prepared for her.

At the end of May, a triumphal progress from Greenwich to the Tower for her coronation at Westminster, with ships *en route* firing such salute salvoes that bankside houses rocked, windows were shattered. She even had the vindictive satisfaction of commandeering Katharine's own royal barge—with the arms torn off or defaced.

THE next morning, a stately passing through the City in an open litter of white satin canopied with gold. . . . She resplendent in a surcoat and mantle of white ermine-trimmed tissue over a robe of crimson brocade glittering with jewels; her fine hair, hanging over her shoulders, crowned by a coif and coronet of diamonds; a necklace of great pearls; gems gleaming on her bosom; in her delicate hands a bouquet.

Triumphal arches, civic pageantry all the way; trumpets and music to greet her at Westminster; a noble feast in the great Hall, richly hung with arras, where she sat on a high-canopied throne by a great sideboard of gleaming gold plate, Henry's regal gift to her. . . .

Anne accompanied his romantic songs on the virginals. A new suite of State rooms was being prepared for her

Yes, after such a year she should have been a happy queen this fateful Christmas, but the cup of her own clever brewing was already bitter. She could not forget that the coronation procession, with all its pomp, had at times been anything but triumphant. As she inclined graciously to right and left few in the crowd had responded with " God save your Grace " as they had done when Katharine passed by. Instead there had been frowns, muttered curses on " Nan Bullen " from citizens' wives who resented the political trouble she was stirring at home and abroad, the wiles with which she had bewitched the King.

The Hanse merchants had staged a pageant of Parnassus with Apollo throned aloft and a fount of Helicon spouting Rhenish wine ; and as she listened to the music and formal compliments she noticed that the Imperial eagle had the place of honour, eclipsing her own bogus arms—a slight she could not forgive.

In Cheapside a boy dressed as an angel was lowered from a triumphal arch to present a gold purse of 1,000 marks, the City's traditional gift on such occasions ; and it was observed, to her discredit, that she kept it instead of handing it to the Captain of the King's Guard, his

Amid the Christmas festivities the King was flirting outrageously, humiliating her as Katharine had been humiliated, giving her cause to fear that the supplanter might be supplanted in turn

halberdiers and lackeys, as good Queen Katharine had done.

When Henry finally took her into his arms at Westminster Palace and asked "How like you the look of the City, sweetheart?" her resentment brought the acid reply: "Sir, the City itself was well enow, but I saw many caps on heads and heard but few tongues."

But the bitterest gall in her cup had been the birth of Elizabeth in September when Henry's whole heart was set on a son and heir. Under this crushing disappointment his love quickly cooled. He began flirting with ladies of the Court, and when she protested, brutally told her to "shut her eyes as her betters had done," for he had the power to humble as he had raised her.

AND now, amid the Christmas festivities, he was flirting outrageously, humiliating her as Katharine had been humiliated, giving her cause to fear that the supplanter might be supplanted in turn.

Sumptuous banquets, balls, masquerades in the Great Hall and galleries.

Minstrels playing in the Withdrawing Room. Barrels of beer, hogsheads of wine, venison, teal, snipe, larks, ducklets, capons. Tournaments in the tilt-yard, tennis, shooting, hunting. Rejoicing and revelry day and night. . . . Anne should have been at her zenith, queening it proudly. But she saw the writing on the wall . . . and was unhappy. When Henry openly singled out a Court favourite and Anne tried to have her removed, he flared up again, telling her that their happy days were over and he regretted having done so much for her. At a grand diplomatic ball she suddenly burst into hysterical laughter, and when the French envoy sitting beside her asked: "Are you laughing at me, madam?" she replied: "No." Only because the King had told her he was going to fetch the Admiral of France's secretary to present to her, but on his way had met a lady who made him forget everything else.

A miscarriage ended her desperate hope of regaining power by presenting him with the son he so desired. She blamed the pain and shock of seeing him flirt with other women.

Soon she had to cope with a rival in earnest—the maid-of-honour, Jane Seymour, whom she appears to have surprised in Henry's arms. Jane was no flaming beauty, either, but sweet and gracious enough to attract the King and win the support of the nobles who disliked Anne and the policy she personified.

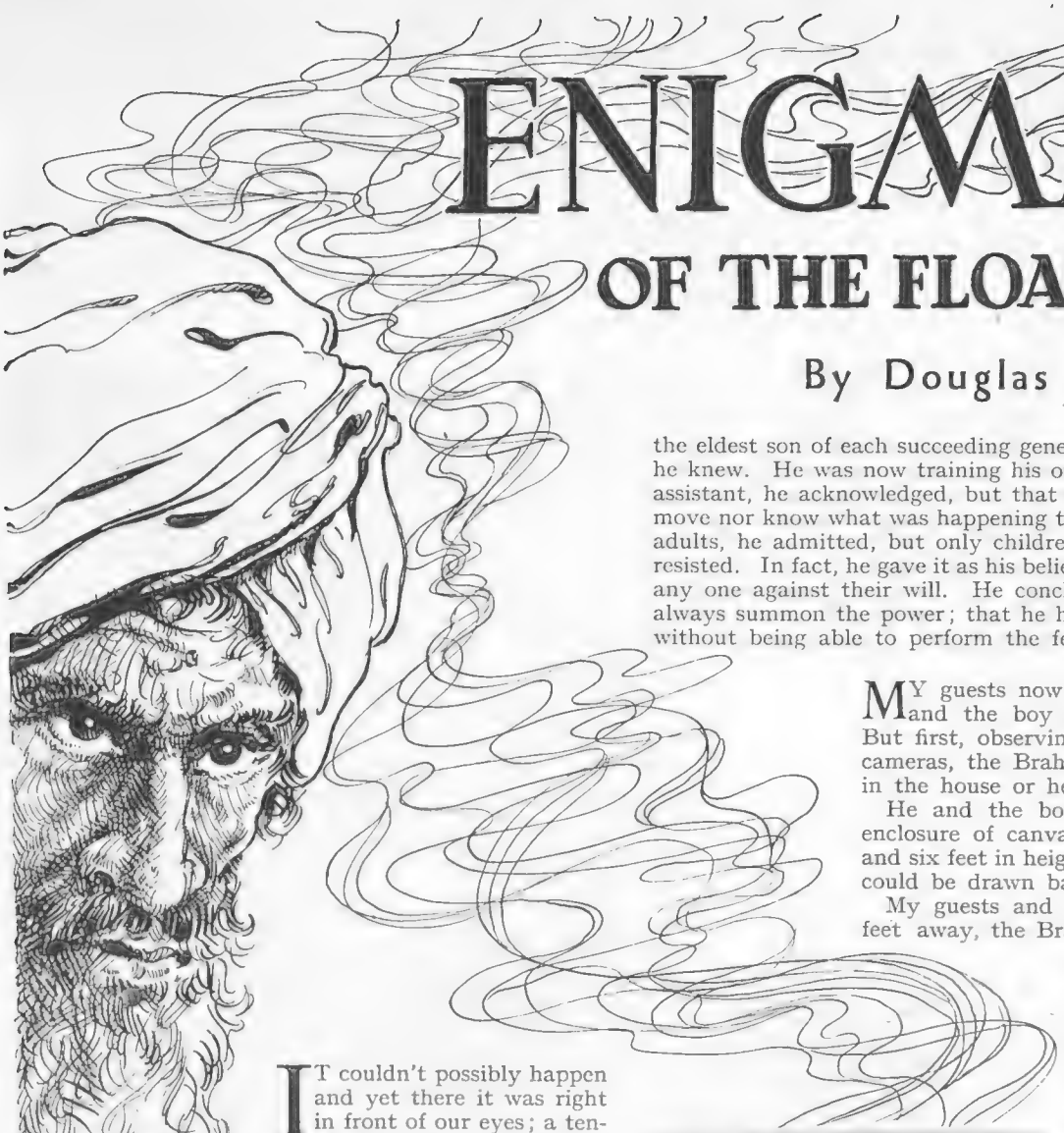
At home there was indignation at Katharine's pitiable plight; at Mary's loss of the succession to the younger Elizabeth, whom she was actually compelled to attend; and talk of a rising in the North. Abroad there was trouble with Spain, France and the Papacy over Henry's duplicity, and the threat of war. And Jane was obviously to be her successor, installed with her parents in apartments to which he had secret access from his own, so that he could pursue his wooing under cover.

A Happy Christmas? Irony in the very greeting. For from that fateful Yule the barometer of her life was set "stormy." The advent of Jane only hastened her descent—three years after her vaunted entry into the City—to the block on Tower Hill and her last tremulous words to the executioner: "You will have to take off this coif." [END]

Soon Anne had to cope with a rival in earnest—the maid-of-honour, Jane Seymour, whom she surprised in Henry's arms

ENIGMA OF THE FLOATING BOY

By Douglas K. Gordon



IT couldn't possibly happen and yet there it was right in front of our eyes; a ten-year-old Brahmin boy, his head and chest covered with a black cloth, seated cross-legged and with folded arms on a heavy cushion a good four feet above the ground. Yet, as far as any of us could see, there was nothing at all supporting the cushion on which he squatted. A moment later he was hidden from our view as the Brahmin magician drew a canvas along a rope between us.

At the time I was an Indian Civil Service official, serving in the Upper Provinces, and another official had rounded up about a score of us to see what he described as the most wonderful—and rare—feat of magic in India; perhaps in the whole world. And we had seen it but, even so most of us remained highly sceptical, so before we left I arranged with the Brahmin to repeat his performance in the grounds of my bungalow a week later, and invited all present and others to again witness the unbelievable phenomenon.

The magician and the boy arrived ahead of time and whilst awaiting the arrival of my guests I had a long talk with him. He was an intelligent and well-educated man in his thirties. The boy was merely his assistant, he told me, and not a relative. When I mentioned something about the cleverness of the trick, looking at me levelly he replied, with a hint of hurt in his voice:

"It is not a trick, sahib, but a power; power and faith. I have the power and the boy has faith in my power."

He went on to explain that this mysterious power had been imbued in the eldest son of each succeeding generation of his family for longer than he knew. He was now training his own eldest boy. He mesmerized his assistant, he acknowledged, but that was so that the boy would neither move nor know what was happening to him. But he could not hypnotize adults, he admitted, but only children, and not always children if they resisted. In fact, he gave it as his belief that no hypnotist could hypnotize any one against their will. He concluded by saying that he could not always summon the power; that he had once gone as long as two years without being able to perform the feat.

MY guests now beginning to arrive, the Brahmin and the boy began preparations for the show. But first, observing that some of the guests carried cameras, the Brahmin insisted that they leave them in the house or he would not perform.

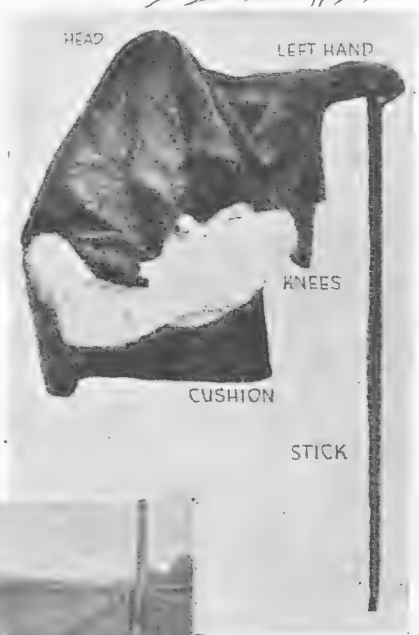
He and the boy then quickly erected a roofless enclosure of canvas sheets about twelve feet square and six feet in height. The sheet facing the spectators could be drawn back and forth on a rope.

My guests and I comfortably seated some fifteen feet away, the Brahmin then began by mesmerizing the boy. Presently the youngster was stretched out flat in an hypnotic trance. The magician then drew the canvas across the front of the enclosure hiding his next actions from our view.

Minutes later he again slid back the canvas curtain and we now saw the boy sitting cross-legged on a cushion. This cushion was supported by a tripod of three thick sticks about four feet in height. The boy's outstretched hands rested on two more longer canes. But neither the tripod sticks nor the longer ones were stuck in the ground; they merely rested on the surface. And now the boy's head and chest were covered with a black cloth which the Brahmin threw back for a moment, explaining that the cloth was necessary to prevent the sun rays, flies or anything else from disturbing and rousing the boy.

The magician then removed the tripod, leaving the boy sitting on the unsupported cushion with his outstretched hands resting lightly on the other two sticks. Gasps and ejaculations of stark amazement came from several of my guests, and we all craned forward breathlessly in our seats.

And then (*Continued on page* 51)



Although it was forbidden to take pictures, this snapshot (on left) was taken, but because it was snapped hurriedly and surreptitiously is not very good. It shows the boy suspended in mid-air supported only by (if it was any support) the last remaining stick, the tripod and one stick having already been removed. A moment later this last stick was taken away.

The photograph above is a retouched enlargement of the original, and is marked to outline the boy.

Despite intensive investigation not only by individuals but also by the Psychical Research Society, to this day no white man has discovered exactly how the trick is performed.

Of course, the Brahmin himself insists that it is not a "trick," but something brought about by the trained exercise of psychic power. Perhaps so, but—well, the facts remain.

Time On Their Hands

THE West Wingham branch of Carter's Bank lay somnolent in the afternoon sun. West Wingham itself lay somnolent. The only citizens abroad on High Street were those unable for domestic or other reasons to be at Wingham Common, where the West Wingham cricketers were fighting it out for the county championship, or at St. Martin's Church, where the squire's daughter was being married. These citizens were few in number, and not especially alert.

Even had they been alert, it is unlikely that they would have paid particular attention to the ancient automobile which drew up before the bank. There was nothing noteworthy about the automobile nor, at first, about its three occupants.

These remained where they were for some time, glancing nervously up and down High Street, craning their necks to peer in through the plate glass windows of the bank, anxiously observing the limited activity on the front steps of both the town hall on the right, and St. Martin's Church on the left.

When at the end of five minutes nothing untoward had occurred, one of the men in the automobile said, "Well? The coast's clear."

The automobile became instantly the scene of feverish activity. The three men donned masks made from the tops of old stockings. They produced weapons and examined them to make sure that they were loaded. They left the automobile and quickly crossed to the door of the bank. Here one remained as a lookout while his companions went inside.

The move had been planned so carefully and executed with such dispatch that the attention of not one of the lonely citizens along High Street had been attracted. West Wingham lay somnolent still and unsuspecting.

The two men who had gone into the bank halted just inside the door and surveyed the tableau of peaceful industry behind the counter. The bank's two clerks, its manager, and its lady accountant were busy at their work. There were no customers.

The taller of the two flourished a shotgun.

"Reach!" he commanded in purest Chicagoese.

Five pairs of hands shot up.

"Not you, Joe," the tall man snarled at his companion. "What's the matter with you?"

"You startled me," Joe said apologetically. He lowered his hands and waved a revolver menacingly.

"This is a hold-up," the tall man announced. "Do what we tell you and you'll be all right."

No one moved. The manager took a step forward.

"Now listen to me . . ." he began.

"Give them a warning shot, Joe."

Joe pointed his revolver at a window and fired once. The sound was muffled inside the bank, but as the two men approached the wicket there came a deafening noise from outside.

Joe turned pale.

"What was that, Ollie?"

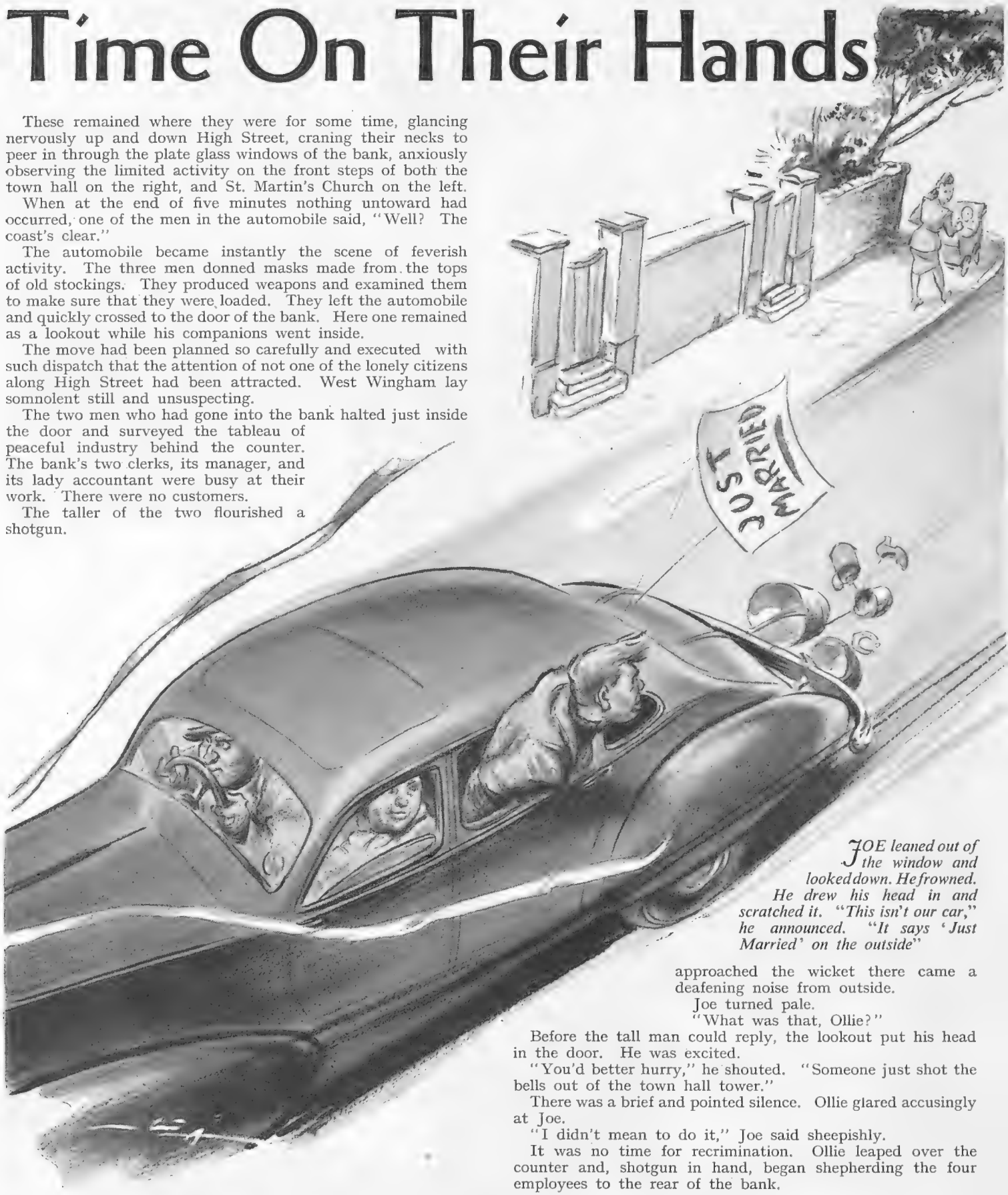
Before the tall man could reply, the lookout put his head in the door. He was excited.

"You'd better hurry," he shouted. "Someone just shot the bells out of the town hall tower."

There was a brief and pointed silence. Ollie glared accusingly at Joe.

"I didn't mean to do it," Joe said sheepishly.

It was no time for recrimination. Ollie leaped over the counter and, shotgun in hand, began shepherding the four employees to the rear of the bank.



JOE leaned out of the window and looked down. He frowned. He drew his head in and scratched it. "This isn't our car," he announced. "It says 'Just Married' on the outside"

"Make sure the burglar alarm's cut, Joe, while I lock these people up in the back room."

The manager continued to protest until Ollie waved the shotgun again.

Joe went to the front of the bank, where on the wall beside the door there was a small box. He didn't see any way of cutting the pipe running up from it, so with the butt of his revolver he smashed the box.

"There!" he said.

Ollie came running forward.

"They're all locked up," he said. "Did you see to the alarm?"

Joe nodded.

Ollie said, "Good. Let's get the money."

A fine spray began to fall. Ollie stopped short.

"What's that?"

The spray filled the bank like a gentle but persistent rain. They looked up. Water was pouring from a dozen outlets on the ceiling.

"I guess that wasn't the burglar alarm," Joe said regretfully.

The lookout appeared at the door.

"What was the reason for letting all those people out?" he shouted.

"What people?" Ollie demanded, turning up his collar for protection and looking accusingly at Joe.

"The manager and the clerks. And the girl. They're running up and down the street, screaming their heads off."

"They can't be," Ollie said. "They're locked in the back room."

"Back room!" the lookout shouted. "There's no back room. That's the back door."

Joe looked accusingly at Ollie.

"Let's find the money and get out of here," Ollie said.

They splashed to the rear of the bank. The vault was closed.

"It's closed but it won't be locked. Help me here."

"What's this?" Joe asked, pointing to a knob and dial on the wall.

"Time lock," Ollie said. "Don't touch it."

Joe blinked. "I did," he said.

Ollie peered over his shoulder.

"You've set it ahead an hour!" he roared. "We won't be able to open that door for an hour."

Joe hung his head.

"Sorry, Ollie."

The lookout shouted in, "Hurry! There's a lot of excitement starting out here."

Ollie said, "Let's take what we can and get out."

They ran behind the counter to the wicket. On the floor lay three black boxes.

Ollie ordered, "Take those."

Joe picked up the boxes. A white sack on the counter attracted his attention. He looked inside it. It was filled with silver coins.

"Ollie!"

"What?"

"Here's a bag full of silver."

Ollie had run around to the front of the counter. Joe pushed the sack through the wicket to him. It went over the edge.

The Misadventures Of A Trio Of Would-be Bandits

By Kimball McIlroy

Ollie shrieked in agony and began hopping up and down on one foot.

"Oh, my toe!"

Joe said contritely, "Sorry, Ollie."

The lookout shouted from the door, "Let's go!"

IT hadn't turned out quite the way they'd planned it. Joe had the three boxes, but he'd put his revolver down somewhere and couldn't remember where. When Ollie stooped to lift the white sack, water ran out of the barrel of his shotgun. They were both soaked to the skin and the water on the floor of the bank was a foot deep and rising rapidly. They ran to the door.

The lookout, whose name was Fred, said, "Nobody's started shooting yet, but a little girl's been standing there taking pictures of me, with a Brownie camera. I told her a dozen times to go away but all she did was put her tongue out at me."

"As long as nobody's shooting, it's all right," Ollie said, looking up and down the street.

A bullet pinged overhead and a window tinkled musically.

"What was that, then?" Joe asked nervously, shaking glass off his coat collar.

"I think we'd better get out of here," Fred said.

Another bullet whistled overhead.

No further suggestion was needed. They dashed across the sidewalk and piled unceremoniously into the automobile. Ollie was first in and consequently drove.

"Someone's moved the starter," he complained, but he got the motor running, changed gears, and drew away from the kerb like a startled buzzbomb.

Simultaneously an unearthly commotion commenced behind them. It was like five hundred dogs all with tins tied to their tails. And the faster Ollie drove, the worse the noise became.

Fred said, "All the insides must have dropped out. I can't understand why we're still moving." He glanced through the rear window. "They're starting after us."

Joe was feeling around on the floor with his feet.

"Somebody stole my overshoes," he said.

"What do you mean, somebody stole your overshoes?"

"I left them right here. They're gone."

"This isn't at all a time to worry about your overshoes," Ollie growled, hunched over the wheel.

Joe leaned out the window and looked down. He frowned. He drew his head in and scratched it.

"This isn't our car, either," he announced.

"*What?*"

Joe shook his head. "It says 'Just Married' on the outside."

"The squire's daughter!" Fred exclaimed.

"They looked exactly alike," Ollie said defensively.

They rounded a corner on two wheels, tyres screeching. Horns began to blow—first one, in an automobile waiting at the first corner, then others as the happy greeting was taken up all along the street.

Fred exclaimed hoarsely, "My word!"

The din was almost deafening: the roar of the racing motor, the clanking of the tins tied to the rear, and the cacophony of horns. The pursuing vehicles were accepted as a part of the bridal party, and the horns blew for them, too.

Ollie had the car going as fast as it would go, but when the first bullet zipped through the top he made it go even faster. They sped out of West Wingham on the main road, slowly lengthening the gap between them and their pursuers.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK LEA

THEN they began pouring over the fence, an irate and avenging horde, with violence in their eyes. Ollie said, "Come on," and they began to run

"At least we have those boxes," Ollie said. "See how much is in them, in case we have to separate when we leave the car."

With considerable difficulty Joe leaned over into the back of the swaying vehicle. He picked up one of the boxes and sat down again. He opened the lid and drew forth a meat-paste sandwich.

No one said anything more about the boxes.

Ollie was peering into the rear-view mirror.

"You have those tacks, Fred?"

"Right here."

"I think perhaps if we turn off on a side road we can fool them," Ollie said. "Throw the tacks out as we turn, in case they try to follow us."

At the next cross roads, Ollie stepped hard on the brakes and swung the wheel. As they turned, Fred strewed handfuls of the tacks on the road.

Ollie pressed the accelerator.

"That will stop them," he said.

They went around a bend, over a rise, and almost ploughed into a stone wall marking the end of the lane. Ollie swore picturesquely.

Fred suggested, "Perhaps we can still make it. They were a long way behind."

Ollie nodded. He put the automobile into reverse and turned it around. They drove back to the main road and swung on to it.

The punctures came at even intervals: one, two, three, four. The automobile continued for a hundred yards and rolled to a bumpy halt. For several seconds they sat and stared wearily at each other.

"What have we done to deserve this?" Fred asked.

"The squire's going to be annoyed when he sees his tyres," Joe said.

The first of the pursuing vehicles whipped past, its brakes screaming. Ollie opened the door on his side and tumbled out. Fred and Joe followed him. Ollie stood undecided for a moment, then plunged across the ditch and began to run.

Behind them other vehicles screeched to a stop. Someone began shooting. Lead whistled past their heads and raised dust at their feet. They ran blindly, without looking back, through fields and orchards and gardens. It was hot but rewarding work.

The bullets became more and more infrequent and the sounds of pursuit fainter.

"There's a fence," Ollie panted. "Over it and we're safe." (*Continued on page* 58)

On left. Aboard a deep sea trawler. When the mate or first fisherman dexterously twitches the lashing loose of the "cod end" of the trawl-net, a veritable Niagara of silvery-shining fish cascades into the pens, overflowing, filling the deck

Herrings from the Fraserburgh drifter *Daisy* being tipped into their boxes ready for despatch to Billingsgate

Billingsgate-Bound

Fish And The Men Who Catch It

By Captain Frank H. Shaw

WHETHER it be sold from a fried-fish stand or served up at the Dorchester with a skilled chef's trimmings, it is still fish. Whether it comes in a whaling factory-ship or a North Sea drifter, it has still got to be caught, for its rich food value to be utilized. It is the work of our fishermen to bridge the gap between the White Sea, the Dogger and the "forty-fathom patch" off Fair Isle and London's great market. A vast amount of arduous toil, of exposure, of risk, goes to such bridging.

Not that to-day's fishing is the happy-go-lucky business of a few years ago. Science plays a considerable part in reaping the finny harvest; and a constant investigation proceeds under the aegis of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fishing to find out which areas of the sea are best suited for immediate reaping, and which—and why—certain neighbourhoods are best left alone.

One outstanding fact emerges from such surveys: all the exigencies of war: bombs, torpedoes, mines and the thousand and one other disturbances, appear not to have affected the general yield to any noticeable extent. There are still as good fish in deep water as have yet been caught. It is true, however, that fish—be they cod, herring or the rarer types that figure on Lucullan menus—alter their grazing-grounds without any very definite cause ascertainable, except for the incidence of their food. The come-and-go of the plankton, as fish-food is generally called is affected by tides and currents, naturally enough, more especially is this the case in regard to surface plankton on which herring and mackerel and other surface-swimming fish subsist. But other factors are concerned in the various phenomena; and only slowly are these factors being marshalled and studied.

Not that the average North Sea fisherman troubles overly about the scientific aspects. Generations of seagoing ancestors have equipped him with an instinct that is, perhaps, better for his purpose than all the savants' tediously acquired lore. He calls it "smelling fish."

I had a close, personal experience of this extra sense recently when I took passage in a trawler bound for the Iceland seas. Her skipper was most certainly no high-brow student of first causes. He was a practical fish-finder; and how apt at the game he was can be shown by the fact that, the night after armistice was proclaimed in 1918, he took his little ship out to sea—she had been serving as tender to Beatty's flagship—and caught best part of £5,000 worth of fish before daylight.

We had stormed out from Aberdeen in worsening weather. In the wild Pentland Skerries, we dropped a trawl, not so much to supply the market as to feed the crew, (*Continued on page* 61)

A Yarmouth herring drifter hauling in its catch in the North Sea

Jet Black Magic

How Occult Power Was Used To Trace A Missing Husband

By Alan Hyder

FOR some moments an eerie chanting emanating from the jungle had been in Lady Chortlon's ears: but it was so faint, and she was so immersed in sad retrospection that she was aware of it only subconsciously.

"The West Indies!" That is what Madame Bassanio had said, and—her knowledge of the Caribbean restricted to the name of only one island—she had added with conviction: "Jamaica!"

How Lady Chortlon's heart had leapt!

What more natural than that Joshua should have fled across the seas to the brother of whom he so often spoke? Yet he had not. Her journey had been in vain. She was here, solitary in the tropic night, her heart fluttering with disappointment, her eyes, dark with melancholy, peering up at a purple-velvet Caribbean sky that was blazoned with low-hung glittering signs of the Zodiac.

Pisces, holding her husband's destiny; Capricorn, her own.

Sadly she was aware of her inability to consult their occult influences, or, indeed, even to identify them, for peer as she might she could discern no resemblance to either Fish or Goat in the shape of those clustered constellations.

Four weeks ago Madame Bassanio, majestic in a gown of crimson satin stencilled with golden sunflowers, had ushered her into a consulting room, taken her gloves, her umbrella, her handbag, and her measure, and a crystal had revealed a wealth of insignificant detail and the letters B.W.I's on a partially readable envelope dazzling enlightenment: "... Ah!... The West Indies! In a tropic isle rimmed with peacock-blue waters... you will find... pacing 'neath verdant palms... your errant husband... Jamaica...." And Madame Bassanio had emerged from her trance to add swiftly: "That will be seven guineas." For a single glance sufficed to tell her that she had stumbled upon advice which, if perhaps liable to be incorrect, was at least probable and acceptable. The rest of the day she spent in slippered remorse at not having asked ten guineas.

Unaware of that, Lady Chortlon was hurrying in a taxi to Cockspur Street to book a passage. Jamaica had been in her mind, for often since the advent of the money and the knighthood that had disrupted their lives Joshua had expressed a desire to visit his brother Thomas who worked a plantation there. She had written to ask if her brother-in-law knew where her husband was and had forgotten to post the letter that very morning. The envelope protruded from the outside pocket of her bag. She pulled it out and tore it up. There was no need to post it now that the clairvoyance of Madame Bassanio had informed her. And acting on that false information Lady Chortlon had travelled to Jamaica to arrive unannounced at her bachelor brother-in-law's bungalow.

Yellowed and livered by sun and rum Thomas had testily sworn that he had not seen Joshua for more years than he cared to dwell upon and, anxious to be

OVER this pot crouched a huddled figure that was statue-still except for long skeletal hands which sculptured the rising steam into shapes that seemed living and evil

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

rid of a fluttering, tearful, grey-haired plump little woman who sought a fugitive husband he had ridden with all speed into Kingston and immediately booked her passage home again.

This transient intruder into the ordered routine of Thomas's bachelor existence was a source of great interest to the plantation Negroes, and they discussed her excitedly in shrill whispers. But heart-brokenly disappointed Lady Chortlon took no interest in them, nor in the beauties of the tropical countryside. She did nothing but wander miserably about waiting for the ship that would take her home to England to begin her search for Joshua anew.

Now, two days before she was due to leave, she stood blinking tearfully unseeing at the surf creaming whitely in the moonlight on the silver shore. Behind her the Blue Mountains cut a great serrated blackness in the starry heavens. The spice-scented night breeze softly rustled and crooned amongst the mangrove leaves. Bull-frogs sang in a distant swamp and the screech of a hunting owl brought Lady Chortlon abruptly to awareness of the night's terrors. With her preoccupation melting away she chilled, tensed, and peered into the blackness of the close-twisted mangroves.

For that husky-throated chanting, weird, unearthly, came to her. Lady Chortlon gathered her skirts for flight.

There was a dim red glare amidst the trees and it was from there that the soft, rhythmic chanting came. Despite her fears Lady Chortlon was forced forward by curiosity to where she could peep into a tiny glade, a cavern walled by the grotesquely twisted mangrove branches, a veritable witch's hollow. A little fire glinted and above it hung an iron pot that bubbled steam. Over this pot crouched a huddled figure that was statue-still, except for long skeletal hands which sculptured the rising steam into shapes that seemed living and evil.

Hands pressed tightly against her tumultuous bosom Lady Chortlon was fearfully aware that, silently as she had approached, the huddled figure was cognizant of her presence. Then her plumpness almost leapt in the air. Not turning, nor stopping the writhing of his hands, the figure spoke.

"I seen you," it muttered.

"Oh!" Lady Chortlon gasped. And again: "Oh!" There was a silence that at last she ventured to break. "But—but—you can't," she objected. "You're not looking round."

"Obeah don't has to look to seen anything," the voice mumbled. "Obeah sees everything. Without looking."

"Oh!" Lady Chortlon gasped again.

"And not turning to seen who you is," the voice said with throaty triumph, "I knows who you is."

"Oh!" Lady Chortlon cried. Then because this repititious ejaculation was becoming monotonous she stammered: "I'm from Mr. Chortlon's bungalow. I—I saw your fire, and—and——"

"And comes to Obeah to learn where your husband is, ma'am, huh?"

This astounded Lady Chortlon so that not even an "Oh!" escaped her parted lips.

"Come you in, ma'am. Right in, ma'am."

Almost against her will Lady Chortlon's legs faltered her into the cavern and she saw the puckered features and curly white wool of an ancient Negro. He bent low before her, then sat up again and showed toothless pink gums in an ingratiating smile.

The liquid bubbling in the iron pot fascinated Lady Chortlon. She was strangely persuaded that in that slow rising writhing steam her destiny was about to be revealed. Madame Bassanio and her fallacious crystal forgotten she felt that she stood before The Real Thing. Slightly disconcerted by her breathless silence the old Negro squinted up at her a trifle anxiously.

"You ain't gwine to tell what you seen in this place, ma'am?"

"What I seen—Oh!" Apprehensively Lady Chortlon pointed at the steaming cauldron. "What is that?"

"Ah! In that pot is Obeah. 'Mericans gives me plenty tickies for showing 'em Obeah. But you—you is English. Like I is, too. Queen Victoria very good man." The old man lifted his hand in reverent salute. "Frees us folks from slavery. On 'Mancipation Day."

"What are you cooking?"

"Cooking! Psst! I ain't cooking. Nossuh, ma'am. I is making Obeah."

"Ooer! That's a kind of magic, isn't it?" Lady Chortlon vibrated. That explained this old man's uncanny knowledge of her. "My husband's brother was speaking of it yesterday," she said sadly. How alike were the brothers! "He called it a lot of superstitious nonsense."

"Obeah ain't sooper—soop—Obeah is coloured folks magic." The old man bubbled as angrily as his pot and Lady Chortlon shrank from his rolling, glittering eyes. "I is Old Hepiziah: witch-doctor to Obeah."

"Oh dear!"

"Folks comes to me when they wants suthing done: when they has to be cured: when they wants to know what's acoming to 'em."

"What's acoming—Oh! You mean the future."

"You don't believe? I shows you. You just sits there. And I shows you."

Old Hepiziah appeared to forget Lady Chortlon and she was glad to sit down and press her trembling knees together. He thrust a spiralled mangrove-twig into the embers and they glowed anew with malevolent scarlet. The grey rising steam was tinted from the flame. Lean black sorcerous fingers twining Old Hepiziah invoked Obeah. Huskily he chanted abracadabras. Pungence from a smouldering carib leaf tickled in Lady Chortlon's nostrils. Every now and then the ritualistic droning articulated, and she thought she heard :

"Duppy, duppy, don't you go,
Jiggery-jiggery, hold him toe,
Stop and tell me all you know."

From a cloth bundle at his side the old man took things and cast them into the pot. She thought them to be pieces of rag. Until the fire flamed. Then she saw, being cast into that evil pot, a minute shrunken head, a head grinning horribly with glints of white teeth, a wrinkled head with upstanding hairy ears. Then a long spidery thing with innumerable legs. She closed her eyes tight. . . .

There had been nothing more in Old Hepiziah's mind originally than an intention to convoke a small display of Obeah for the purpose of garnering alms as he had done many times previously before interested, if rather cynical, American tourists. Now, performing before what was so evidently the childish credulousness of Lady Chortlon he was stricken suddenly with such a wildly imaginative idea that the very possibility of its achievement came near to choking him. Raised by grandparents, themselves the children of freed slaves, Hepiziah had been brought up with a firm belief in the divinity of kings, and certainly in the omnipotence of the almost fabulous Queen Victoria, and that belief had been flooded into a fervent adoration when, during the great earthquake of '07 which partially destroyed Kingston, he had found sanctuary from the terror crouched on the plinth of the Great Queen's statue at the top of King Street. By some chance he had got hold of what to him was a sacred relic : a picture post card of the Victoria Memorial fronting Buckingham Palace, and to make a pilgrimage to that wondrous white shrine had become an obsessive ambition which, until now, in this heart-thrilling inspiration, he had thought to be as achievable as hatching a Sun-gem humming bird from an alligator egg. Life could hold nothing more than that! His voice shaking with excitement, and dramatically deep, he began to speak.

"Obeah tells me plenty things," he said.

"What things?" Lady Chortlon's voice was a tiny whisper. (*Continued on page* 62)

HIS wrinkled black face was distorted with disillusionment; his thin, trembling hands thrashed the air; his eyes were alight with frustrated fury

Prints For Nursery Decor

Pictures for children which combine youthful interest with colour and artistic merit have been few and far between. Parents will therefore welcome a new series of which we show some examples here. Selected by an Art Committee which includes an Educationist, a Chief Art Director and a Child Psychologist, among others, the pictures have all the appropriate qualities in addition to beauty. By yearly subscription, the prints, which are published in sets of four, can be changed every three months. Alternatively, they can be bought separately for 19s. 6d. each.

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2

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1. "Minnesota," by Adolf Dehn.
2. "Tower of London," by Edwin la Dell.
3. "Circus," by Russell Reeve.
4. "Mare and Foal," by John Skeaping.

Further particulars of the prints and where they can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Is CHRISTMAS

THERE is a growing conviction that Life offers less and less room for sentiment which, in some respects, is true; but the current tendency to regard anything sentimental with as much suspicion as an atomic bomb does seem to be leading us into a hard-faced indifference to many of those things which gave warmth and grace to a life not overmuch endowed with them.

Take Christmas, for example. Austerity apart, indications are not wanting that the merry festival which has survived so many troubled centuries is slipping, and slipping badly in this one.

Long before the Ministry of Food laid an icy hand upon the proceedings a growing murmur was heard throughout the land: "What! Christmas here again? I wish the whole business was over. . . ." Or, "Of course, if it were not for the children, we shouldn't bother at all." And, "I 'm not sending any Christmas cards this year. I shall just 'phone my greeting to a few intimate friends."

One imagines that Charles Dickens and Mrs. Beeton and past generations of jovial housewives must turn in their graves at such heresy, and rightly.

Is it, in fact, distrust of too much sentiment or a new kind of indolence that is depriving us of the old spirit; an ennui which is only thinly veiled by the alibi which present hardships provide?

The hardships are real and many, and Christmas *was* easier to stage when food was plentiful; festivities were easier to devise before the cost of living became a National preoccupation, but this is not the whole story. The spirit of Christmas is founded in something more fundamental than the problem "how many turkeys make five?" and we lack that good spirit as surely as we lack the food.

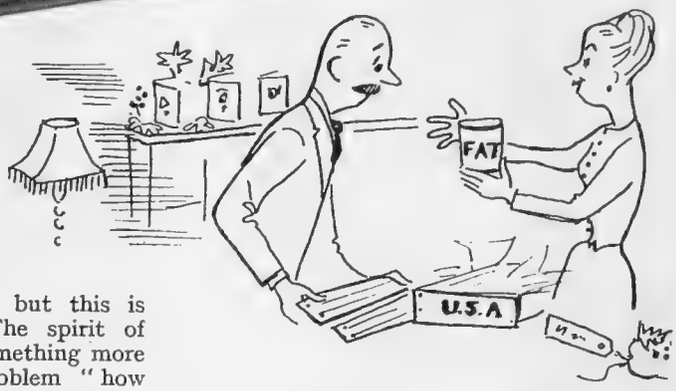
Housewives who turn up Mrs. Beeton with a sigh for the dishes which came with twelve eggs and half-pounds of butter will admit that, given the ingredients, the time and effort which these cooking jamborees demanded would, to-day, send us scuttling for protection to the Housewives' League.

Let us be frank. Is the Minister of Food the real culprit or have we, the housewives, lost enthusiasm for our task?

Short of black magic you cannot create much of a Christmas party on the rations. This goes without saying. In retrospect the good old days of unlimited resources make the present problems of laying on Christmas pretty formidable, but admitting certain indisputable advantages did our grandmothers have such an easy time of it?

It is true they may have had more domestic help. At the same time labour-saving devices were not then even dreams of the future. They had larger houses for entertaining, but *what* houses and what families to inhabit them! Money had a higher value than at present, but there is much confusion of thought on this question. A family on five pounds a week were admittedly as well off in the past as the family with fifteen pounds to-day, but to-day's family will be limited to three whereas the family of the past might be six, or more.

"Christmas at Dingley Dell," a reconstruction of the immortal Pickwickian Christmas by Fortunino Matania, R.I.



Slipping

By *Winifred Lewis*

"The time-honoured game of forfeits in the drawing room," from a drawing by Cruikshank.

For this reason alone their pleasures were limited. Christmas was a time of feasting and revelry, but what simple revelry by our own standards, and what a major effort was required of any housewife.

Even our pre-war festivities pale beside the picture of the family Christmas in which almost unlimited numbers of friends, relations and household staff were included. Did the old-fashioned housewife raise a lament about the washing-up, I wonder?

To-day, and even in pre-war days of plenty, we packed up and went off for an hotel Christmas. "My dear, the cooking. . . . Christmas simply isn't worth while!" We smile in affectionate condescension at the old picture of Christmas at home; the charades, the dressing-up, the visiting; the very heartiness of it, and tamely turn on the radio to bring in a Christmas party which a gathering of professional entertainers have devised to save us the trouble.

I confess to a foolish fondness for things odd and obsolete which are symbolised by the simple, traditional and homely entertainments of Christmas. The fact is that we are losing the precious gift of entertaining ourselves and in our increasing dependence upon manufactured pleasures, we have grown self-conscious and stilted in the practice of homely things. Present difficulties and shortages are only widening the gulf between the home and the glorious traditions of hospitality. Is it too late to hope for a renaissance?

Food shortages cannot last for ever. Dare we hope that hospitality and the comforting bonds of homely human relationships will survive the present test?

Clover Pink And Green

MATERIALS : 7 ozs. of Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" in Clover Pink ; 2 ozs. of Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" in Green ; one pair of No. 12 needles and one pair No. 10 ; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 24 ins. ; across the back underarms, 17 ins. ; across half-front underarms (with edge), 9 ins. ; underarm of sleeve seams, 17¼ ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With green wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 124 sts. Work 1 in. in moss stitch. Change to pink wool with a knit row. Work in the following rib :

1st row.—* K. 4, p. 1, rep from * to end.

2nd row.—Purl. Continue until work measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 110 sts., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 17 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With green wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 69 sts. Work 1 in. moss stitch (place 9 sts. on a safety-pin). Join on pink wool, with a knit row on to the remaining 60 sts.

Continue (*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; rep. = repeat ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.*

Gloves To Match

MATERIALS : 1¾ ozs. "La Laine" Super Fingering 3-ply in Clover Pink (main colour) ; 1 oz. in Green (contrast) ; One pair of No. 12 knitting needles.

TENSION : 11 sts. to 1 in.

Note : M. = main (clover pink) ; c. = contrast (green). Change colour-wools with a knit row.

With No. 12 needles and m. wool, cast on 48 sts. * Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 6 rows. Change to contrast, rib 3 rows. * Rep. from * to * once more. Rib 5 rows contrast. Change to main and stocking stitch (one row knit, one row purl), increasing in the last row as follows : rib 4, inc. 1 st., rib 4, rep. from * to end. 56 sts. Divide sts. on the next row : 30 sts. for the back of hand, 26 sts. for the palm on needle.

Work on the 30 sts. as follows : stocking stitch 9 rows in m. * Change to c. Rib k. 3, p. 1, 3 rows.

Change to m., work 6 rows stocking stitch. * Rep. from * to * twice more (leave on needle).

Return to the 26 sts. for palm, work in contrast and in stocking stitch for 40 rows. Now start fingers all stocking stitch and in main wool.

FIRST FINGER

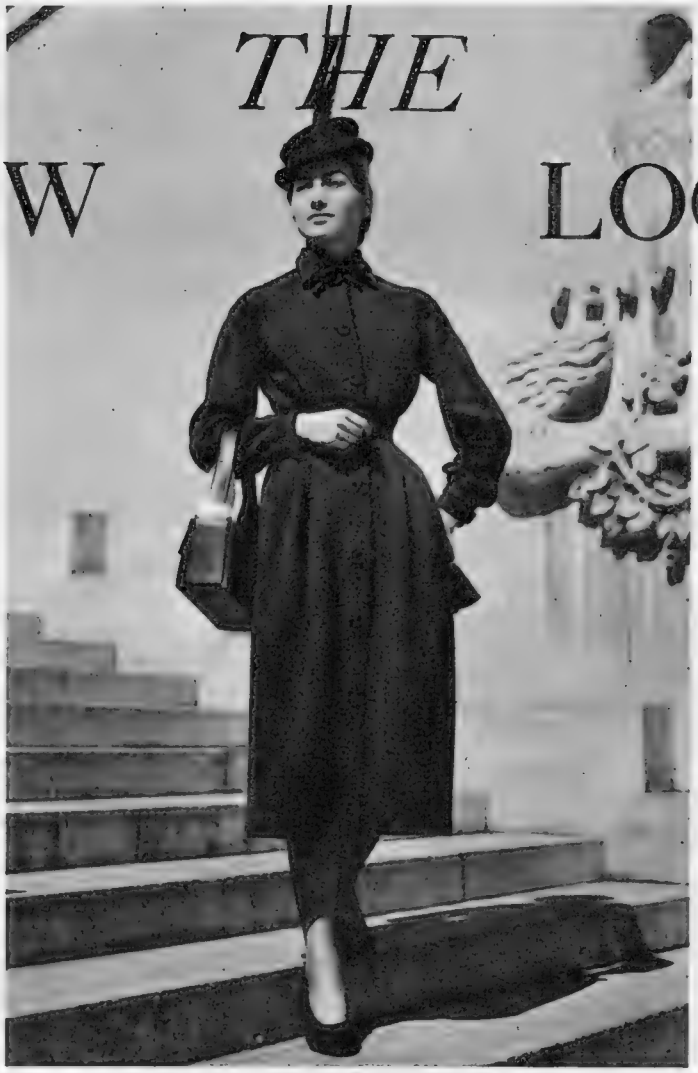
Slip 21 sts. on to needle, k. 14, slip 21 sts. on needle, cast on 2 sts. (16 sts.). Work 26 rows.

SHAPE TOP

K. 2 tog. all along the row.

Next row.—Purl 2 tog. all along the row. Draw up remaining sts. (*Continued on page* 66)

THE NEW LOOK



The New Look is exemplified in the photograph from Paris of Piguet's green wool jersey dress with sloping shoulders and barrel-line skirt. On the left, above, is Frederick Starke's fine black wool. A gigantic bow of moiré is poised in front at the hip-line. Extreme right is Dorville's suit with pastel blue jacket over a narrow black calf-length skirt. Bottom left : Another Dorville model in fine mottled tweed. Further right, is Frederick Starke's fine grey herringbone tweed.

Further particulars of these clothes can be had on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to The Fashion Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

First reactions to the changing fashion silhouette have been those of dismay. " How can we . . . ? " is the universal cry. All the same, the New Look is creeping up on us, the pace adapting itself to that at which we replace existing clothes. In the months to come the New Look will be established, hems will drop an inch or two, waists will shrink a little and shoulders will lose the squared look in favour of the droop.

No need to be alarmed at the onset of this change. The new clothes are very charming, very feminine and quite practical, despite the outcry to the contrary. The illustrations show clothes which are now coming into the shops. For some they are the clothes of the moment, for others, of the future. In any case, they are here and here to stay.

1
Ardena
DUSTING POWDER
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GOYA
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Puzzle Picture

The problem of Christmas presents is here again. This will help you to solve some of them in a practical way.

CHOOSING Christmas presents should be the nicest part of the general fever of Christmas. That it boils down about a week before the 25th to a desperate "What *can* I give them for Christmas?" is everybody's headache and one which current shortages will not relieve. Shop early for Christmas must be a fact, not a pious hope this year.

A quiet evening with a pencil and paper will save many fruitless treks round the stores. If your list gives the children what they want and the grown-ups what they need, you won't be far wrong.

Children are easiest of all. From the beginning of December onwards, Father Christmas is bombarded with suggestions. Toys are plentiful and good for early shoppers. A visit to one of the Children's Toy Fairs, which many of the stores are holding with pre-war magnificence this year, will turn one into reality.

Grown-ups are not nearly so specific in their demands, either because they don't know what they want or are too modest to ask. A little adroit questioning will often produce a lead. If your efforts draw a blank, hobbies are a happy hunting-ground for ideas. A set of novelty buttons will delight someone who is seeking to give a new lease of life to her wardrobe. There are some delightful ones about.

Don't overlook the more abstract leads, either. They can often, with very little ingenuity, be turned into practical presents.

A Library subscription and an appointment for a facial treatment, or a series of appointments with a good hairdresser, can be made for the 'phoning. Either make unusual and acceptable presents for anyone who is overtired, overspent and face-weary.

"It's the thought that matters" is a cliché that happens to be quite true and not just a convenient excuse for an unsuitable gift. Instead of the usual calendar, why not send a distant friend a railway ticket—and an invitation to stay? To the couple who love dancing but don't often get the chance because of the children, why not send tickets for a dance—and an offer to sit in for the evening?

Presents that you too can share have a two-way appeal. A theatre party to your friends puts you yourself on the giving as well as the receiving end. On the matter of sharing presents, remember always to give HER something that HE will approve.

Presentation is half the art of giving presents, especially those of the token variety. Decorative wrappings are available again, and also gift boxes from the elegant cellophane and plastic to the gaily printed variety. If you are sending gifts by post, this is a case where it is not only the thought that matters. It is poor comfort to know that the little glass dish would have been just the thing, if it hadn't been shattered in transit.

Keep a couple of gift tokens in hand, even if you have done all your Christmas gift shopping in the first week of December. Have you ever known a Christmas when there wasn't someone who somehow was overlooked?

PUZZLE PICTURE KEY.

1. An Elizabeth Arden Gift Box. Dusting powder and hand lotion in an attractive Christmas pack, price 25/-. Other gift boxes include "Flower Mist" scented lotion for use after the bath.

2. Lamb's-wool slippers in shades of pink, blue, yellow, green and red, lined with white. Price 59/6. Four coupons, from Fenwicks, of Bond Street.

3. Cape gloves in black, navy, red, brown, and tan, trimmed with American stitching. Price 35/6. Two coupons. Fenwicks, of Bond Street.

4. Coloured Morocco leather beauty case fitted with a complete range of Gala beauty aids. Price 9 guineas, from the Gala shop.

5. "Inn Sign" fob brooch in gilt and enamel. This one is "Elephant and Castle," but there are several other designs, from 67/6 to 5 guineas. Photographed with one of a wide range of gilt "snake" necklets ranging from 25/9 to 4 guineas. Harrods Ltd.

6. A Goya Gift Box containing four different Goya perfumes in travel-size bottles. The quadruple pack, 30/-. Chemists and leading stores.

7. "Dollybag" style imitation pigskin handbag in black, navy, red, brown, tan, and honey. Price 99/-. Fenwicks, of Bond Street.

8. "Tri-ang" model cars beautifully finished in stove enamel. The police car is 5/-, the taxi 5/11, and the jeep, complete with jerry-can and spare tyre, is made in two sizes, 4/7 and 7/6. Selfridges, Oxford Street.

Not What It Seems

A GIFT and a laugh for your friends at the cost of a shilling or two goes with this amusing novelty which, despite appearances, is merely two face-cloths folded to look like a baby's jacket.

Children particularly are on the look-out at Christmas for gift suggestions which they can afford and make themselves. This is one of the answers to that problem.

To make the "jacket," you will need two face-cloths with pink or blue borders and a yard of baby ribbon to match. If you cannot get face-cloths, Terry towelling cut into 12-in. squares will do equally as well. Hem or blanket-stitch the raw edges and add a half-inch border of stitching in coloured wool or silk on two opposite sides. To make the front, the first cloth is folded, edge to centre, leaving the coloured borders at top and bottom. Tack and sew in place two ribbon bows to match the border.

The sleeves are made by folding the second cloth into four. Place behind the first cloth, bringing the "sleeves" flatly towards the centre and tack in place.

Turn down the top border to form the "collar," press in position and the jacket is complete.

1. The complete kitchen fitment, including perspex sink, cooker, washing machine fitted into the corner, refrigerator with special roomy compartment for fruit and vegetables and generous storage cupboards.

2. A special fitment to the pastry board which is designed to hold mincer or mixing machine. This is a " Quick-work " mincer.

Build Up

To A Kitchen

Planning ahead is as essential in the kitchen as elsewhere in the house. This newly designed kitchen equipment recently exhibited at Woman's Fair, makes it possible to blue-print your ideal kitchen and add the items one by one as you can afford them.

Cooker, sink, drawers and storage space are essential and will form the nucleus. Refrigerator and washing machine can be added later without disturbance to the general layout. A " dinette " or dining-bar, with five snack-bar stools, completes the kitchen.

Each item is designed as a separate unit which, together, make a complete and streamlined fitment. The units can be arranged in any sequence to meet individual needs, and can be adapted to fit a room of any size and shape.

3. A four-tier aluminium steamer prepares several kinds of food over one jet.

4. The enamelled " dinette " seats five. Washable fabric covers the bar seats, rounded corners and " invisible " screws facilitate cleaning.

Xmas Books for Children

HAVE you a boy or girl who likes to *know* things? Agnes Allen's **"The Story of the Village"** (Faber, 7s. 6d.) tells simply how it grew, the history behind all we see to-day. Or one who goes fieldfaring after plants? Lady Elphinstone's **"Flowers and Their Families"** (Hollis & Carter, 7s. 6d.) is a handy companion.

Among stories with exquisite pictures Mary Fairclough's **"Miskoo the Lucky"** (Hutchinson's, 10s. 6d.), about the adventures of an Eskimo boy, is the worthy winner in a £10,000 competition. Garry Hogg's broadcast tales, **"The Stirring Yarns of Bosun Bill"** (Hollis & Carter, 8s. 6d.) has colour pictures by Eveline Rhind. Colour photographs illustrate Gee Denes's Jennifer book, **"Christmas at Timothy's"** (Nelson, 7s. 6d.); black-and-white, Charles Duncan's tales, **"The Bewitched Broomsticks"** (Faber, 4s. 6d.) and Eileen Heming's story of fun afloat, **"The Barge in the Creek"** (Hutchinson, 5s.) with colour frontispiece.

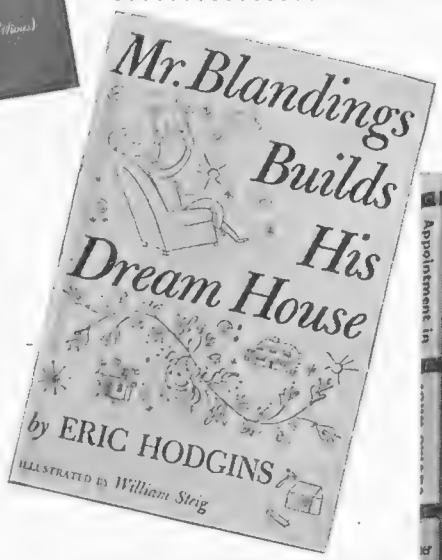
Colour picture books: Rosalie K. Fry's crab story, **"In a Rock Pool"** (Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.), and two 6s. Fabers: E. M. Hatt's **"Priscilla the Paddington Mouse,"** Herbert Wiseman's **"Singing Together,"** twelve songs with music from the B.B.C. feature, charmingly illustrated by Walter Trier.

Books:

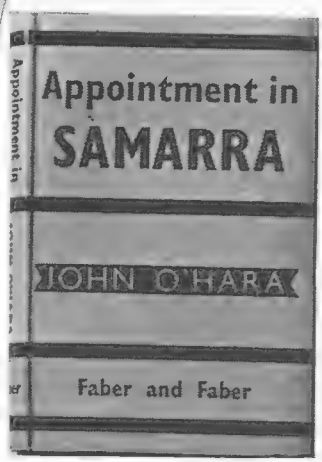
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

CHRISTMAS is a happy time for book buyers; they can impose on others their own particular fancies and thus double their pleasure. Instead of merely saying "You *must* read so-and-so," they pack off the book, which is much more satisfying—to the sender if not always to the recipient.

No doubt the new Bernard Falk biography, "The Way of the Montagues" (Hutchinson, 21s.) will accompany countless good wishes, for we can hardly resist his Pepysian peeps into a family boasting a rascally duke who posed as the Emperor of China in order to wrest a rich, eccentrc duchess from rival lordlings, and so imposed on her that, to the end of her days, she believed she was the Empress, attended by minions trained to serve her on the knee. Mr. Falk takes seven Montagu prodigies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whose appeal lies in "the fantastic or incredibly odd behaviour to which, in pursuit of their particular whims or ambitions, they lent themselves," and makes of them a diverting charade to intrigue worldlings like myself who enjoy chuckling over the failings of noble lords and ladies too long dead to hit back.

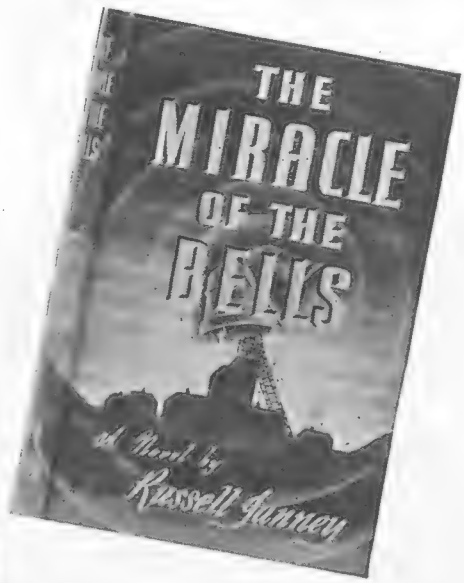


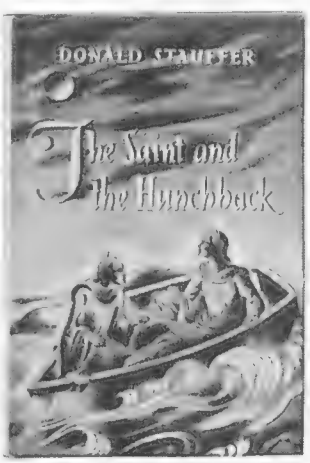
WHILE quaffing your Xmas beer—if any—think of its fascinating history rather than of its present cost and specific gravity. Babylonians of 6,000 B.C. drank it. Once, in Merrie England, it was a penny a gallon, and the official ale-conner, leather-breeched, would test it by pouring a glass on a wooden bench and sitting in the puddle for half an hour. If it was impure or had sugar in it his breeches would stick; if good they would not. What a life—pub-crawling and sitting in puddles! Mr. Frank A. King spans eighty centuries of bibulous lore in "Beer Has a History" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) and if his thirst is at all commensurate with his knowledge he must be the world's record toper.

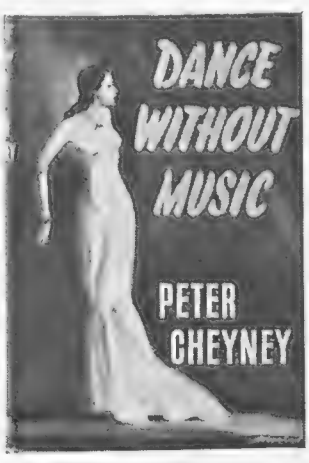


MR. BERGEN EVANS has something to say of liquor in "The Natural History of Nonsense" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). Contrary to belief, it is not really a stimulant—except immediately—but a sedative. Certain diseases attributed to excess are not alcoholic but nutritional. Two Yale doctors found less artery-hardening and cancer among chronic alcoholics than among others of the same age, so "perhaps there are, as Rabelais said, more old drunkards than old doctors." In this witty, sweeping survey he is out to destroy all our popular beliefs—that hair on the chest denotes unusual strength, that red maddens bulls, that hair turns white in a night, that it can rain fishes, that the Arctic has eternal snow, and so on. If he and his experts are right, then they're the only ones in step. We are amused but incorrigible, confident that some other U.S. knowall will soon be debunking the Unnatural History of Mr. Evans.

SERIOUS music-lovers will welcome Mr. Syd Skolsky's twenty-seven "Evenings With Music" (Faber, 10s. 6d.) which explain symphony orchestra technique, with instrumental diagrams, relative to specimen works of the classic composers, their development and methods. Brief background biographies retail arresting facts—that Bach, for example, could stretch twelve notes with his left hand while running ripples with the mid-three fingers; that Mozart at three could pluck chords from the piano and memorize music he had heard. A reprint covering similar ground—Mr. Sidney Harrison's "Music for the Multitude" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.)—goes deeper into musical history.







THE humours of buying an old U.S. farm-house with a view of the Catskills—sometimes—spending a fortune on it, then tearing it down and starting afresh give a Christmassy flavour to Mr. Eric Hodgins's "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). By the time he'd finished the original 11,000 dollars cost had swollen to 56,263, which is a habit with houses, and we leave him (*Continued on page* 66)

In Search of Glamour

Taxi Tips... 9d on fares up to 3/-
1/- on fares over 3/-

TWO readers have written me such sensible letters that I think they are worth quoting. The first says: "I was interested to see that you gave a scale of charges both for a hairdressing salon and for beauty preparations. I often think that we country people would welcome a list of charges. Pomeroy and Coty do put their price list in their window in Bond Street, but I have never yet seen a hairdresser do so except in the cubicles. Many people are chary of making appointments with the best-known hairdressers because they fear that the prices charged may spell ruin to their pockets." She goes on to suggest that Mayfair hairdressers should put their price lists in their windows and, personally, I think that this is an extremely sensible suggestion. Another reader asks me to give a few hints on the subject of tipping because she says that many women are uncertain what tips they should give these days.

Jane Gordon

THE gentle art of tipping confuses a great many people and I have often been sorry for American men visiting this country when I have seen them trying to grapple with the tip which should be added to their restaurant bill. The original scale for all tipping was 10 per cent on any bill in any currency in the world, so that on your bill for £2 10s. you gave the waiter five shillings. Women who hold strictly to this rule give a shilling tip on a hairdresser's bill of ten shillings, and sixpence to the manicurist, a two-shilling tip to the assistant for the bill ranging from fifteen shillings to a pound, and so on.

The recognized tip for a taxi was sixpence on top of any fare which read up to one and sixpence and ninepence after that until the taximeter read over five shillings when the tip was usually a shilling. Nowadays most men count on two and sixpence in the pound as a restaurant tip. Almost all restaurant tips go into a tronc and the waiter does not receive the tip individually, so there is no particular object in overtipping. Most London people now give a ninepenny tip to taxi drivers on all short fares, and raise it to a shilling after the taximeter reads three shillings. In hotels the service is usually added on to the bill, thus saving all difficulties on that score.

THE scale of tipping in beauty parlours and hairdressing salons can be taken at 15 per cent for ordinary treatment and 10 per cent for very expensive treatment, such as permanent waves. For instance, if your permanent wave costs five guineas you should give the assistant ten shillings: if the price is seven pounds the assistant should receive fourteen shillings. The assistant who gives you a manicure, an eyebrow shape or an ordinary shampoo will expect a shilling to one and sixpence. Personally, I always give two shillings for a hair set, and in a West End hairdressers I think this is more or less taken for granted. Cloakroom women used to receive sixpence. The West End cloakroom woman in these days is accustomed to receiving a shilling from the older women, and sixpence from girls. The recognized tip for a commissionaire who gets you a taxi is sixpence, unless the man has had great difficulty in finding a taxi, in which case he is often given a shilling for his trouble.

Women are, usually, a trifle nervous on their first visit to a beauty salon. The layout and routine of Elizabeth Arden's in Bond Street is a good example because you will find much the same routine in similar beauty parlours whether they are in Paris, New York, the south of France, or any city boasting sophisticated beauty parlours. In London, the appointment desk is on the first floor where you also buy all the creams, lotions and make-up. Above this there is the hair shop. All the treatment, shampoos and manicure, is given in a large, airy room, well equipped with shampoo basins, driers and manicure tables. The prices charged are five shillings and sixpence for a plain shampoo, six shillings and sixpence for a tar or camomile shampoo, and nine shillings for the special Dandro shampoo. The same price is charged for the brightening or oil shampoo. The reconditioning shampoo costs twelve shillings and sixpence, and the dry shampoo costs seven shillings and sixpence. Rinses are from three shillings and sixpence to seven and sixpence; frictions six shillings; finger wave and Marcel wave seven shillings; permanent wave from four and a half guineas to seven guineas; scalp treatment twenty-five shillings.

A manicure here costs six shillings and sixpence; a wax manicure, which is wonderful for your nails, fifteen shillings; hand massage eight shillings and sixpence. You can get a superlative pedicure for nine shillings, and the chiropody costs from nine to twenty-one shillings. On the exercise floor you can have thirty minutes' exercise for twenty-five shillings, or thirty minutes roller for seventeen shillings and sixpence. Half an hour's massage costs you seventeen shillings and sixpence; fifty minutes, twenty-five shillings; local treatment twelve shillings and sixpence; bath and massage, £2 12s. 6d.; or two guineas for the bath only. Ultra-violet ray is seventeen shillings and sixpence. Radiant heat and massage, taking fifty minutes, is twenty-five shillings, and radiant heat alone twelve shillings and sixpence. They also quote for courses ranging from a course of radiant heat treatments without massage, three guineas; with massage, six guineas. The same price is charged for six treatments of fifty minutes' massage or ten treatments of thirty minutes. (*Continued on page 62*)

2/6 in the £1 for Restaurant Tips.

Cracking the Christmas Ice...

THE real fun of a home at Christmas is its capacity for hospitality, for bringing together chosen friends and relatives of varying ages and tastes and making them feel welcome and happy. True, you may say. But what's to be done when there isn't a drink in the house? Food's difficult enough!

It needn't be quite as bad as that! Come to terms first with your menu and the larder, and now why not go back to the "good old days" for a few ideas on drinks this Christmas? Rum, for instance, is much less difficult to obtain than other spirits, so why not adopt it as your *pièce de résistance*? Offer your guests a Jamaica Rumhatton, mixing one measure of light Jamaica rum, one measure of Italian Vermouth and serve well iced. Alternative, try this one before dinner—a Jamaica Gem which involves one measure of Jamaica rum, one of lemon squash, one of French Vermouth and two dashes of Angostura bitters. No one will easily get impatient if the meal is delayed a few minutes. If some of the younger members of the party prefer a long drink, proceed along the "Collins" line, and use the rum in alliance with a lemon or orange squash and top up the tumbler with soda water.

A certain amount of sherry and port will be available for those who have the forethought to secure their modest quota in good time from their wine merchant, and maybe, too, there will be a few bottles of Dominions or Algerian wine to be had. Dare one suggest in these unpractised days that the red wines from either source will be at their happiest offered with a meat dish, or a cheese one, while the white can then be produced when the principal dishes are fish or fruit courses, with which the red wine would taste inky in comparison.

As a really good stand-in for the light French "beverage" or carafe wines of happier days, why not try perry, or a first rate cider? Both have come into their own in recent years and the alcholic content of either make them comparable with such *pêtits vins*. Perry is a very old English beverage and is made from pears on the same principle as cider is made from apples. Both may be had from the wood or in more expensive grades, including the champagne process. But in either case, perry, like the pear from which it comes, is rather more flowery and delicate than cider in flavour. Most women guests will hail it with delight, and many men enjoy a good cider. One point, of course, with champagne cider or perry, is that once opened it should not be corked.

But for a first rate wind-up of even the most modern Christmas party, conjure for a while those Pickwickian days when they really *did* keep Christmas, complete with oysters and codfish and gigantic turkeys and yule logs. Offer the guests a good punch!

To two pints of water add half a pound of sugar, two sticks of cinnamon and twelve cloves. Cut two apples, three oranges and two lemons in quarters, but do not peel them. Add to the mixture which should be simmered for an hour and a half, stirring at intervals. Strain into a jug and keep as near boiling as possible. As the spirits are likely to evaporate at this temperature they may be best added to individual glasses with the mixture, on a basis of two parts of rum to one part of sherry—say in dessertspoonfuls for juveniles, to a tumbler of the hot fruit syrup. Adults will make it "according to taste"!

Be Your Age

THE three ages of womanhood—grandmother, mother and teenager—all need their individual beauty treatments and make-up to bring out the best. Years ago grandmother would have scorned any artificial aids to beauty, except rubbing her face with a piece of flannel to give it a matt look, and pinching her cheeks to produce a becoming flush. Now she is catered for as well as her daughter and granddaughter.

Clever grey-haired women know that as they age their skins lose their pinkness and become slightly muddy. So they flatter their faces by using a glowing peach-toned foundation and powder. They avoid purple-toned lipstick, and, instead, use a clear glowing red. Eyebrows should be groomed carefully—as shagginess tends to develop there with age—and darkened to offset the grey hair. A little mascara can be used, and if rouge is necessary it should be placed high. Even grandmothers use coloured nail varnish, but a pale shade which *tones* with the lipstick is best with older hands, which often have lines and prominent veins.

It sometimes happens that the woman of sixty or so is smarter, more soignée than her daughter of forty. She has passed the age when she feels she must be an example to the young, while the forty-year-old has probably got one or two "Junior Miss" daughters to consider. Their influence upon her appearance is not always for the best since she is inclined to follow their leadership without adopting her make-up to the demands of middle age. Mothers and daughters can be of great assistance to each other in the matter of keeping up with a good appearance. They can see each other's faults very clearly and in their mutual wish to be beautiful can bring out the best in each other.

Early middle age demands careful make-up. Powder specially blended to suit the skin is almost indispensable to the woman in her forties, and a lesson in make-up pays handsome dividends. I can tell you here such a lesson can be obtained quite inexpensively.

Hair-brushing habits can be made pleasant if mother and daughter co-operate over the "hundred strokes a day." So will manicure and general hand-care.

Each age of womanhood has its charm and each requires a different technique and choice of make-up. The photographs show Jean Simmons (above) and Sophie Stewart, each typical of the younger and the charmingly mature woman

VERY young girls should be taught that no beauty of skin or body can be had without internal cleanliness and personal hygiene. This means, of course, regular elimination, a sensible diet and a daily bath or scrub down. Make-up should be pale and discreet. The "glow" of youth is too real to need assistance and too precious to be concealed with cosmetics.

If spots and acne appear and persist there is a specially good young skin preparation, rather like a liquid soap, which I can recommend. There are also a protective make-up film, matching powder and lipstick, all in a delicate shade of petal-pink so suitable to a young girl.

Send me your problems about skin care, make-up and the choice of preparations, your age and type, whatever your age, and I shall be glad to help you. Please enclose a stamped envelope for the reply.

QUICK beautifying treatments for the Christmas festivities will appeal to many busy women. Between cooking and shopping for Christmas there is little time left to manage a professional facial and make-up. That is where a home treatment comes in handy.

First a pack which takes next to no time. It has a remarkably beautifying effect on the most tired skin and it is made of lemon magnesia. Simply spread it thinly all over face and throat (but cleanse the face first with a cream or lotion) and leave on for about a quarter of an hour. Remove with warm water and cotton wool, using gentle upward strokes. The skin is left

Beauty In

feeling smooth, and looking clear and glowing ready to take the party make-up right away.

For parties, or long days out, a make-up base which lasts perfectly is essential. One which gives radiance and a smooth, matt finish and which holds rouge and powder is cunningly tinted in blonde, medium and bronze. Medium would seem to be the most perfect shade for the majority of skins. It is creamy and non-drying, and has the beneficial effect of camouflaging minor blemishes.

Write to me for details of these preparations and kindly enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply.

A Minute

Health And Habits

FEW of the everyday habits which we all share are serious in themselves. It is when they lead to harmful effects on health and looks that one should take a stand about them.

Take smoking, for instance. Medical evidence shows that, in moderation, the habit has no serious consequences. It does, however, lead to unpleasant complications like catarrh and a cough which is good reason enough, quite apart from the need to cut smoking in the national interests, for reducing smoking to a minimum.

The nicotine habit is a difficult one to control, but to people who are making a serious effort it is reassuring to know that the struggle, though tough, is short. If, by a major effort of discipline one can do without smoking for three days the battle becomes increasingly easier from then onwards. This is the time required to get nicotine out of the system.

If you are a heavy smoker it is probably better to reduce consumption by degrees. A simple but effective way is to permit yourself one cigarette an hour. After two days of this routine increase the one hour time limit to two. Later, double the two-hour limit until the battle is won.

Some people will find it easier to cease smoking completely from the word "go." Much depends upon one's temperament and the normal consumption of cigarettes. This is a matter for personal judgment. It is a fact that the psychological effect of having conquered the smoking habit is salutary in itself. Having achieved so much one is encouraged to go on to the conquest of other habits equally masterful if not equally expensive.

Nicotine stains on teeth and fingers are unsightly, if not actually harmful. Cleaning the teeth at least twice a day and regular visits to the dentist for scaling is advisable both for health and appearance sake. A special bleach which costs about 1s. 6d. a bottle will deal with unbecoming stains on the fingers.

Another besetting habit into which so many of us fall is keeping late hours. The habit of pottering at night is a bad one which, in time does have quite serious consequences upon health and looks, especially now that we are all living under conditions of nervous stress.

That extra hour or two given to reading, knitting, listening to the radio, or just sitting round the fire is a bad one whichever way you look at it. Late nights for work and pleasure are inevitable, but by getting between the sheets at least two hours before midnight two or three nights of the week, habitual late nighters will find a spectacular improvement in vitality and appearances.

That sluggish feeling in the morning, those dark rings under the eyes, the general feeling of debility for which it is sometimes so hard to account, can frequently be traced back to fatigue.

EARLIER nights may seem at first to be ineffective. You find it difficult to sleep. This, in itself, is a symptom of nervous strain. Continue with the treatment even if, for a while, you lay awake too long. As the system accustoms itself to relaxation sleep will come.

Read in bed, if it assists relaxation, but provide yourself with a really adequate bedside light to avoid eyestrain.

Late meals taken before bed have a bad name which is not entirely justified. Common sense dictates that one should avoid the more obviously indigestible food just before sleep. The kind of food which is indigestible for you at any time will be more so late at night. There is no general rule about what to eat at night, it will depend on your personal reactions, but mastication is all important at night or, for that matter, at any time of day. Meals "on the wing" are unavoidable sometimes, but with a little good management they can be kept to a minimum. Eating quickly is to some extent a nervous habit not easy to check. It is, however, responsible for many digestive troubles. If you suffer from this habit make a very determined stand against it for health's sake.

Trouble sometimes lurks in good habits as well as bad. If you are scrupulous about applying skin food at night, remove all surplus cream before you get into bed, otherwise much of the good effect is lost. Pores must breathe. Work the skin food well in and wipe away the surplus. Fat absorbed does good work but fat left on the surface of the skin is wasted.

If you can do without a cigarette for three days the battle becomes increasingly easier

Ella Raines, Star of Universal Pictures

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Outwitting Austerity

AUSTERITY Christmas is here again. Let us shut our eyes and conjure up a picture of the magic Christmas table of ten years ago; then set ourselves to see how much of that picture we can reproduce to-day, and how far we can outwit austerity for twenty-four hours. We cannot, obviously, imitate the main bill of fare, but we can stress the prettiness of the table, the dishes and the etceteras which accompany them.

Table napkins, folded into shapes, are decorative. Nestle in each a horseshoe roll.

NORWEGIAN GALANTINE

HORSESHOE ROLLS

Ingredients: ½ lb. plain flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 3 oz. margarine; milk; pinch salt.

Sift baking powder and salt into flour. Rub in 2 oz. margarine and make a dough with a little milk or milk and water. Roll out and spread on the remaining margarine. Fold over and roll out to about ¼ inch thick. Form horseshoes by cutting into solid triangles, about 6 inches across base. Take one corner and roll up, then bring ends round to form a horseshoe. Bake in good oven Regulo 7, or 450° F. for about 15 minutes. When nearly cooked brush over with egg or milk.

I suggest that whatever dish you have, bird or joint, it should be accompanied by plenty of good forcemeat. In the case of chicken, turkey or beef, I should also have sausages, and with pork, not only apple sauce, but savoury pudding.

HORSESHOE ROLLS

SAVOURY PUDDING

Ingredients: ½ lb. breadcrusts; 1 teaspoonful mixed herbs; 3 oz. suet or fat; 1 egg; 2 tablespoonsful oatmeal; ¼ pint milk and water; seasoning; 1 dessertspoonful chopped sage; 3 boiled onions.

Soak crusts in cold water till soft. Squeeze as dry as possible. Melt fat or chop suet and onions. Beat well into bread with a fork; add other ingredients, lastly egg and milk. Mix all very well. Heat about ½ oz. dripping in a tin and spread pudding in evenly. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F. about 45 minutes. Stand a few minutes, cut in squares and serve.

All this not only makes the fare seem more Christmassy, but helps the quantity. Also prepare a prettily decorated galantine. This will be a help and a standby the next day.

NORWEGIAN GALANTINE (8 or 10 people)

Ingredients: 1 lb. beef (lean); 8 oz. breadcrumbs; 4 oz. bacon, if available; 2 eggs; 1 lb. sausage meat; stock; meat glaze; seasoning.

Chop up or mince beef and bacon. Mix together with sausage and crumbs. Season. Beat eggs and add together with a little stock to other ingredients. Shape into short roll or square. Either place in greased tin or tie in a cloth and steam for 2½ hours. When cooked press slightly till cold. Remove cloth, brush over with meat glaze and decorate with savoury butter and shapes cut from glaze.

Savoury Butter—1 oz. margarine, pepper and salt. Few drops lemon and onion juice. Blend all together to smooth cream.

Now for the sweet course.

FLORAL MINCE PIE

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry; green colouring; icing sugar; mincemeat; mock cream.

Line a flan case with pastry and fill with mincemeat. Cover with pastry lid and press sides into it with a fork or fancy edger. Cut out remaining pastry in the shape of Christmas roses, bending the petals up into cup shapes. Lay these in patty pans with a crust in the middle to keep their shape. Also cut out one or two sprays of leaves. Bake pie in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F. about ½ hour, and decorations on lower shelf till done. When flowers are cold, cover petals with white water icing and put blobs of mock cream coloured pale green in the centres. Scatter a few hundreds and thousands on cream if you have them. Just before serving pie, arrange flowers and leaves in a cluster on top, do not serve the pie too hot, or the icing will melt.

The pudding must still be plain so give it a good rum sauce.

RUM SYRUP

Ingredients: 4 oz. loaf sugar; 1 gill water; 1 gill of rum.

Boil water and sugar together for a few minutes to reduce. Skim and add ¼ gill of rum. Boil up again and serve.

Other Kinds of Pastry

FLORAL MINCE PIE

PASTRY, like batter, stands out as one's daily friend; equally helpful for all meals. It is one of the simplest and quickest foods to prepare and fortunately it is one of the few things which need not be bogus.

When short of fat I often use other kinds of pastry. For instance, hot water pastry is very palatable and easy on fat, or, if I want the rather richer effect of flaky pastry, I make fried pastry. The following two recipes are examples of these methods:

SAUSAGE PIE—HOT WATER PASTRY (8 people)

Ingredients: 3 oz. fat; 1 lb. sausage meat; 9 oz. flour; stock or gravy; salt; ¼ lb. crumbs; ½ teaspoonful baking powder; chopped parsley; just over ½ gill water.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Boil fat with water. Pour on to flour. Work into a dough and knead well. When cool roll out and line well greased cake tin with pastry. Have a round of pastry for top and bottom of pie allowing an overlap, then cut sides and press into bottom piece.

Mix sausage and crumbs together with enough gravy to make a very stiff paste. Season and add tablespoon chopped parsley. Fill pie, place on pastry lid. Turn sides over on to it and press together with a fork. Decorate with pastry leaves. Slit top here and there with a knife to let in air. Bake in good oven Regulo 6, or 400° F. to begin, lower later for last 40 minutes.

JACK IN THE BOXES

JACK IN THE BOXES

Ingredients: ½ lb. pastry, for frying; ½ lb. liver sausage; a little thick curry sauce; tin Macedoine of Vegetables.

Rub 2 oz. of fat into 8 oz. flour, add salt and a little cold water to form dough—knead well and roll out to about ¼ inch thick. Cut out rounds with a 2-inch cutter. Strain and wash vegetables. Cut liver sausage into very thin rounds. Make very thick sauce with about ¼ pint of stock, a tablespoonful of flour and a small teaspoonful curry powder. Place a slice of sausage on round of pastry, next a teaspoonful of mixed vegetable, held together with a small teaspoonful of curry sauce. Lay another slice of sausage on top. Press well together. Damp edges of pastry, lay on another round and pinch edges together. Prick with fork and fry in as deep fat as you can spare till golden brown on both sides. Serve with carrots arranged round the dish, choose well shaped ones and slice lengthwise. Garnish with parsley.

Harriet Muir

Forcemeat Stuffing

FORCEMEAT is like the stock pot. Many tasty odds and ends can be used in it which will make all the difference between its being a stodgy filling or an embellishment to your dish. Suitable forcemeat is an improvement to almost all meat dishes and many fish dishes and can often take the place of bacon to give more flavour to rabbit or chicken. If you cook bacon rinds in your stock use them to give the effect of ham flavouring without using the precious bacon ration, or minced up rinds can be mixed in with the forcemeat. A little minced liver or sausage meat is again very tasty and lemon flavouring, when possible, always makes a more piquant forcemeat.

Try to have parsley as well as mixed herbs as the latter are best used sparingly. If overdone they give a strong and unpleasant flavour and are apt to be indigestible. If suet is not available, melt a little dripping in a frying pan and pour this into the mixture. Forcemeat for fish or stuffed marrow should be kept as dry as possible as both foods are inclined to be wet.

Tomato forcemeats are excellent for herrings or beef. For marrow it is advisable to use a highly flavoured forcemeat, a little Marmite or Bovril helps if sausage or liver are not available.

Forcemeat balls should be well cooked. Egg is the best ingredient for binding, but milk can take its place.

For Morning Freshness & Euthymol TOOTHPASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

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Love The Giver

(Continued from page 13)

which they insisted be kept secret. But many people dislike hiding their lights under bushels. A countess gave a church to Brighton. The citizenry can scarcely fail to know who made the gift, for the donor's name is blazoned over the portal in letters as large as those naming the proprietors of the shops on either side and across the street. These public taggings of gifts go to the roots of human nature. Cheops calls to the countess over a gap of 6,000 years. Cheops built himself a private limestone tomb with a base covering thirteen acres and an apex reared 482 feet into the air; the countess built a place of public worship. Both wanted their names to endure. The same thought of extending a life by perpetuating a name largely, if not wholly, explains many a grandiose gift.

Andrew Mellon, the cold, aloof Pittsburg billionaire, who never gave a dollar to anyone in his life without exacting value in return, spilled his acquisitiveness over into old masters during the last quarter-century of his life. He gave the lot, about £10,000,000's worth, to the Temple of Art in Washington when he died. Pierpont Morgan accumulated many millions of pounds' worth of rare books and MSS, hugged them so jealously—he was an excessively possessive old gentleman—during his lifetime that a private citizen couldn't get a peep at them in the guarded fortress he built to house them for his private eye. He bequeathed them to the nation. The Morgan Library is his personal pyramid, as the chain of libraries which have "Carnegie" carved over their door headstones constitute the personal pyramid erected by the Scots-American steel millionaire to ensure immortality, or as much of it as any mortal can expect to get.

Old Rockefeller went further. He sat counting his money, The State was taking too much in annual taxes, it would take too much again of the capital when he passed. He must save his money from such waste, put it to constructive work, control it from his grave. Endow hospitals? No; patching up defective human bodies was not a constructive use for money. Found a charitable fund to give pensions to deserving poor bearing his name? (a wealthy English merchant did that 500 years ago and his gift still operates). But in John D.'s philosophy a poor man was just the one who did not deserve a hand-out.

He had a bright idea. He would use the bulk of his millions to endow medical research. But not ordinary research, hunting bugs of obscure diseases, seeking cures for baffling maladies. No; he would integrate research. He would benefit mankind, the species, by enabling teams of hand-picked scientists, working under an organizing director and in incomparably equipped laboratories, to study all living things from the lowest mire environed forms along the ascending curve which ends with man. Through financing the organized scientific study of man, what he's made of, how he functions and why, he would influence generations unborn and the ultimate development of *homo sapiens*—a most imperfect creature in his present stage, thought the austere, stony-eyed Baptist.

Thus we got the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, probably the most valuable gift one man has ever made to his fellow men. Barring the collapse of capitalistic civilization, or the blasting away of America in some atomic war of to-morrow, there seems no reason why Rockefeller's gift should not outlast the Gizeh stone piles.

"BY Heaven, money is a beautiful gift!" remarks Plautus. But it can be embarrassing. A film star was lately left a large sum by a wealthy male admirer. She took it but found it necessary to explain at length that the man had been nothing to her. Another lady, made the sole beneficiary of a bachelor's large estate, was less fortunate. Her husband had been jealous of the man's attentions to his attractive wife, and had thrown him out of the house. There had been neighbourhood gossip. Now the gossip re-started, the husband was infuriated and demanded that the wife refuse the inheritance or give the money away. She refused, they quarrelled, and she left him. Conceivably the dead man acted less out of love for the wife than in malice towards the man who possessed the woman he couldn't have.

Tallulah Bankhead was not exactly grateful to the plump young baronet friend who, dying, left a will which was publicised in the papers. In it, he bequeathed to Tallulah all his motor cars. But he was a hard-up young man. He had no motor cars.

Still, it was a gesture. Does not the poet say, "the best of all gifts is the good intention of the giver"?

END

Four Fools

(Continued from page 12)

everybody he knew. Neither of us knew many people, just the company and the tradesmen and our landladies. Now he knows all sorts of people. If I told him about the company now he wouldn't be interested, because they've changed. We've all changed. We can't help it. You promise to stay the same, but it isn't in your power.

Caryl listened to the voices. "To-morrow, Warren. The Ivy at one . . . don't forget to phone that photographer . . . you're dining with the Cartwrights. . . . 'Night, old man . . . lovely seeing you, darling. . . . 'Night. 'Night."

Alan's arm was carelessly round her shoulder. She found it comforting.

Jim closed the door with a gesture. He had quick, neat movements, eloquent hands.

"I thought they'd never go. How are you, chums? Have you all got drinks? Sandwiches? How's everything? Tell."

"You tell first." Caryl moved across the room to the sofa where she curled herself in expectancy.

Jim agreed, gracefully, to tell. He stood by the window. The curtains were still undrawn, and from time to time he turned away from the audience to watch the lights of London break like sword points through the dusk. He told them stories of Broadway, hard cynical little stories, about money and people and parties, about food and frocks and American hospitality. It was a gay, amusing recital, but it did not seem to have much to do with the theatre.

"What about your work?" asked Alan at last.

"Obstinate success. Eighteen months. Of course, it was the woman's play. Still, I didn't do myself any harm. Enchanced the old bank balance and landed me a nice film contract."

There was a curious little silence in the room. Jim Warren pointed out the window to where across the water the intermittent lights hardly broke through the gloom.

"You should see New York by night," he said. "I never believed any city could be so beautiful—or so kind." He swung away from the window. There was something about the stillness of the other three that made him remember his duties as host. He noticed vaguely that Alan was standing behind Caryl, truculent, protective, and that he was holding her hand. "How are the glasses?" He lifted the champagne bottle out of the ice bucket. "We haven't drunk our toast yet. 'The Four Fools.'"

"Only one of them has grown wise," said Alan.

Caryl's voice, though low, was very clear. "Don't you only mean that one of them has made money?"

Barry got to his feet. He liked to ease a situation. "First time this toast has been drunk in champagne. Let's enjoy it."

It had tasted better in beer. Caryl got to her feet and they all stood round rather solemnly, raised their glasses and drank to something which (Continued on page 51)

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was dead. They felt a little foolish.

"Old Venture still going." It was something between a question and a statement. "I thought when I came back you'd have gone commercial."

"No," said Caryl. "We just waited for you to come home."

"Yes. We're packing up soon," said Alan.

"That's the idea," said Barry, as if to signal to the others that he understood that their plans had been ridiculous and must not be mentioned.

Jim Warren laughed easily. "Can't think how you endured it so long. I feel things like that—isms and ideals—belong with one's extreme youth. They're rather graceful then, the rebellious gestures that everyone under twenty-five must make. Then one grows up and others under twenty-five come along to run the little theatres of revolt."

"Did you—did you think this when you went away?"

He nodded. "I was beginning to grow up. I knew that the danger was that, after a little, we would not be pioneers, but a group of players who went on because they weren't sure they could command such good parts in the West End."

"You never said——"

"Caryl, my pretty, in those days I never said anything with which I thought you might disagree. I had quite a case on you. Remember?"

"I remember."

"But I knew—and I was working round to tell you—that if we'd really anything to give, we should try to give it to the paying public, the good, old no-nonsense public, that rightly wants value for money. We'd been spoilt. We hadn't seen the inside of an agent's office in years."

Barry's lazy laugh filled the appalling silence. "Fine. We're the kind that need a theoretical reason for storming Shaftesbury Avenue. The kind that just can't think of acting as a job at which you earn your living. We must have a banner. The Venture is bust, and in the nick of time comes Warren to tell us that we must take our gifts to a wider public."

"That's the idea, old man. Outgrown our toys."

"Warren is right," said Alan deliberately, slowly, loudly. "Isn't he, Caryl?"

She was very white, but her lips smiled. "Warren is right," she echoed. She went to him and held out both her hands. "Good-night, Jim. Good-bye," she said softly. "You'll forgive me. I'm tired. You've given me a lot to think about, so I'm going away to think."

She was passive under his kiss. "Lunch to-morrow, darling? No. Not lunch. I forgot. Cocktails?"

"I'll phone you, Jim," she said with a little shake of the head. "Don't worry. We'll meet."

They made no move as she walked out alone, because it was engrained in their acting-sense that they must not spoil her exit.

Four Fools

Only as she walked slowly along the Embankment, Alan caught up with her and put a detaining hand on her arm. They turned and faced the river, and leant on the parapet and watched a police boat scud quickly past them. The indifferent moon shone on the boat's white wake.

"I enjoyed Warren's funeral oration over the corpse of the Venture," said Alan at last.

"It was well spoken."

"And well timed."

"We will do next week's play," she said levelly. "We must give the company a week's notice. There'll be no trouble in getting the theatre off our hands."

Alan shifted uneasily. He put an arm round her waist and drew her against his shoulder. "Look, my sweet, break down and cry, or something. We've been through a great spiritual experience, haven't we? All our ideas—what we thought was our life's work—knocked cockeyed by a spot of hard realism. The old Venture had the best years of our lives—because the years from twenty to twenty-five *are* the best years. Don't go on talking as if it were just a question of changing jobs."

It was a moment before she answered. "You don't know the half of it," she said at last and laughed softly.

He laid his cheek against her cheek. "Tell me."

"You had only one illusion. You thought the Venture mattered. Now I'm not even sure you thought that. Maybe like Jim you pretended a little."

"Because I loved you?"

"Because you loved me."

"Still we did some things that mattered," he said thoughtfully. "It hasn't been all loss."

He was surprised to hear a soft, contented chuckle. "I must have been your inspiration."

"You were."

"I was also the biggest sucker of the four. You see, I had two illusions. The second was that I thought I might still be in love with Jim Warren."

"And were you?"

"No. There's going to be a double funeral with no mourners. I feel free. It's a good thing to feel free. Maybe I shall get fat now."

He straightened and drew her gently away from the river, and they started to walk again. He was very happy. Everything was going to be all right.

"There's a coffee-stall farther on. I could eat an ox."

"So could I. Perhaps we'll get a cup of cocoa."

"I can take it."

"Funny thing," she said, "I never did like champagne."

Two figures walked away together into the moonlight.

END

Enigma Of The Floating Boy

(*Continued from page 25*)

the Brahmin removed the right-hand stick and folded the boy's right hand across his chest. He repeated the performance with the remaining stick and the boy's left hand.

For long moments we could only stare incredulously then, getting to my feet I asked the magician: "May any of us come closer?"

"Come as close as you like," he replied, "but do not touch the boy. If you do you might break the spell, causing him to fall heavily to the ground."

Before he had finished speaking myself and several other men were inside the canvas enclosure.

"You may try any test you like," the magician then told me.

At once I waved my walking stick both underneath the boy and above him, seeking for concealed supports or hidden wires. I found nothing. Another man and I then joined hands making a circle and moved our arms, like a hoop, all around, above and below the boy, taking care not to actually touch him. We found nothing—absolutely nothing. He was actually floating on air.

"How long can he remain like that?" I then asked.

The Brahmin shrugged slightly. "As long as I will," he replied.

Still not believing the astounding phenomenon right before my eyes, I felt the cushion. It was stuffed solid; not filled with gas as I had half suspected.

I then dropped to my hands and knees and crawled all about the ground underneath the boy. I found no explanation. Getting to my feet I then passed my hands within inches of the top of the boy's head. There were no wires or other supports.

Baffled and bewildered we returned to our seats and the

(*Continued on page 52*)

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Brahmin drew the curtain. When he opened it again a few minutes later the boy, again wide awake, was standing at his side.

Just then I noticed the nine-year-old son of one of my servants standing goggle-eyed a short distance away. Calling him over I said: "Here is a rupee. The Brahmin will try to put you to sleep. Do not let him."

The magician willingly accepted the challenge and bidding the boy sit down squatted cross-legged in front of him. For at least two minutes the Brahmin stared at the boy steadily. We could see the youngster trying to shift his eyes, but he seemed unable to do so. The magician then made a few passes with his hands and suddenly the little fellow stretched out flat and stiff; sound asleep. The Brahmin let him lie there whilst we applauded his ability, then slapping the youngster's cheeks sharply awakened him.

Thus he had proved himself to be a trained hypnotist, but as for the rest, well, I only recount what I actually witnessed; not once, but twice. And, like others who have seen this amazing performance, I can offer no explanation.

END

Enigma of the Floating Boy

Romance Of The Roman Wall

(*Continued from page* 15)

Roman Legions were employed on the task—the Second from Caerleon-on-Usk, the Sixth from York, and the Twentieth—the famous "Valeria Victrix" which had a running boar as its emblem—from Chester. Though several British tribes helped to build certain sections of the Wall—which, after all, was designed to keep out their own hereditary enemies from Caledonia—there must have been many clashes between Roman and Briton.

"Wall madness" will make some go to explore the western and eastern limits of the fortification, where so little that is visible now remains. There is more to be seen as you work inland from either coast, but for sheer concentrated romance take the section between Peel Crag and Sewingshields. Here, a thousand stories of love and jealousy, of malice, of sport and adventure—and of stern military duty—have been enacted against a natural background of stark grandeur. For the Roman builders took advantage, hereabouts, of the massive, wave-like ridge of basaltic rock known as the Great Whin Sill, much of which rises almost vertically from the shimmering waters of Crag Lough and Broomlee Lough. They set their Wall and forts on its very crest.

"Confronting the North with mailed breast," the Whinstone Ridge must have seemed vastly inhospitable, bleak and barren compared with the sunny climes of Italy and Spain.

SOME of the natural gaps in the Whinstone Ridge have eloquent names—Busy Gap, Scots Gap, Cat Stairs, etc.—that conjures up many a vivid picture of sharp, fierce skirmishes between Roman garrison and raiding party. A few of these gaps were to be used by moss-troopers right down to the seventeenth century; indeed, these raiders of later days turned Borcovicium (Housteads) into their den, and the evil reputation which clung to the place had the effect of preserving the fort from complete destruction by those who badly wanted stone for building purposes!

The life of the soldiers and their wives is not difficult to reconstruct, for excavations have laid bare granaries and baths, shops, inns, and a military way still showing clearly the grooves worn by chariot wheels. Their cave-chapel dedicated to the worship of Mithras has now fallen in, but the Chapel of the Standards—a kind of regimental chapel—remains as a token of the many gods, local spirits and tutelary deities as well as the great national gods, to which the Romans paid homage. Evidence of these and many other passions and desires from the distant days of the Roman occupation is constantly coming to light.

One of the most significant "finds" is the bronze wheat-measure, at Chesters, recovered from a marsh near the Carvoran fort in 1915. There is a strange discrepancy between the markings on the measure and the amount of wheat it actually holds. Does this point to fraud? Experts believe so. It is known that the Romans formed corners in corn, forcing "the natives to buy from them at cornered prices the very grain which these natives had to furnish to the army," and how natural for them to extort further profit by devising this bronze measure "which enabled them to say to the natives, for every twenty pints of corn supplied, 'See, you have not yet given us seventeen pints!'"

The wild scenery of the Wall around Housteads and Sewingshields has given place, near Chesters and Chollerford, to a lovely stretch of parkland laved by the sparkling waters of the North Tyne. The Wall itself is here buried beneath the turnpike road, and of the bridge which carried it over the river only the abutments remain. Yet Chesters takes up the Roman story in graphic manner with its Praetorium, its barracks, commandant's house, and the regimental bath-house furnished with an Apodyterium, or lounge, where the Asturians (from Spain) who garrisoned the fort gossiped and gambled while enjoying what approximated to a Turkish bath.

What of the citizens themselves? The various temples reveal, imaginatively, numbers of folk worshipping at strange shrines, including one devoted to the Three Mother Goddesses—the progenitors, maybe, of the Three Witches in *Macbeth*. Several shops and the vast forum represent their trading activities, and a range of workshops shows that Corstopitum had its potters, blacksmiths and other kinds of craftsmen. Many examples of their handiwork are displayed in the museum, nearby, but by far the best piece of work is a silver lanx, or dish, found by a girl while gathering sticks on the neighbouring river-bank 200 years ago.

Measuring 20 ins. by 15 ins., it is beautifully embossed with a design incorporating the figures of Diana, Minerva, Juno, Vesta and Apollo. Subject and workmanship alike suggest that the dish was probably made at Ephesus, then renowned for its silversmiths.

END

Christmas—All Over The World

(*Continued from page* 16)

whole, the deprivation will not touch the German variety. You even hear the argument that Austrians outside Vienna are better off than they used to be, for their sending so little now to the capital. I didn't find it so, if only because provincial Austrians can get hardly any wine or fruit from their former chief source—the re-Italianized South Tyrol.

Maybe the Italianos will send over some of each for Christmas. What a dream—if each sent to the other what he most needs. We should be parcelling out coal in divers directions, having given it utter priority and found 100,000 more miners under a man like Monty; thereby righting ourselves as well as others. At present most of the parcels are left to those thoughtful people overseas. Which reminds me of the housewife's hope as she unties the string. Is there any cooking fat?

As a Catholic country, Poland should continue to keep Christmas, iron curtain or no iron curtain, and out of the collection of ruins which are Warsaw should come merriment *quand même* from the "Irish of the East." But the Poles will miss their U.N.R.R.A. almost as much as will Tito (they were the two that relied on it most). The Poles are blessed (*Continued on page* 54)

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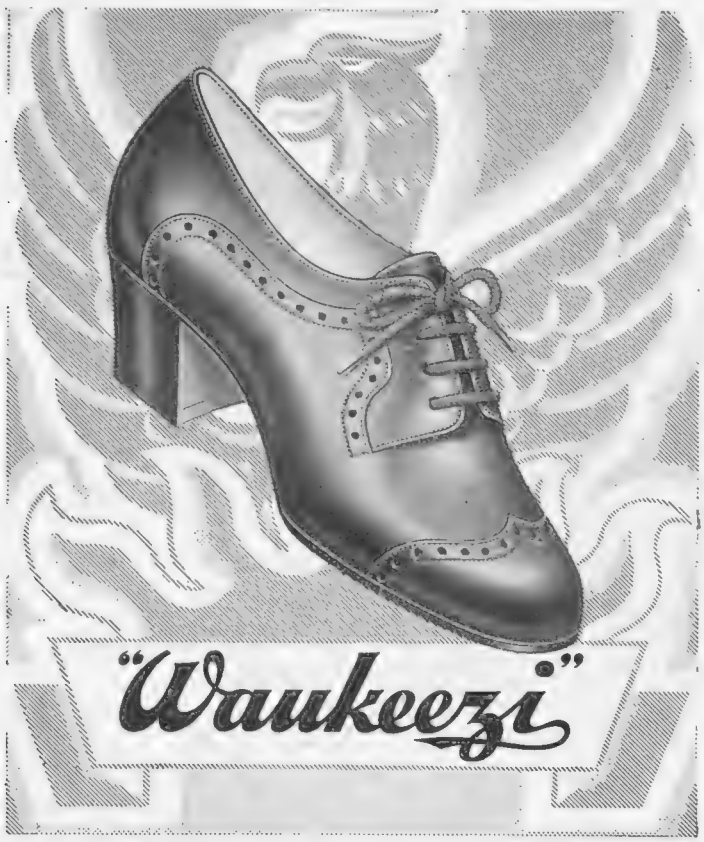

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by one thing, however: from having so long been the underdogs, they barely resent the extreme differences between rich and poor which are so striking a feature of the new proletarian societies in Eastern Europe. It is taken for granted that the ruling class, foreigners, and black market kings should gorge themselves in places like the Hotel Polonia.

And as we have gotten the other side of this blinking "curtain," we may as well tarry there a moment in order to examine Uncle Joe's attitude to Christmas, all-spreading as it must slowly become over adjacent, roped-in countries. Well, Uncle Joe hasn't got any attitude to Christmas, and as for the Russian Church, I believe it celebrates twelve days later—at Epiphany. This having been the original nativity feast until the Christians switched to December 25 in the fifth century. All the Balkan lands must be listed among the Have-Nots this first Unrraless Christmas. The great Russian drought of the summer months has compelled one or two of them to disgorge food instead of receiving it from the considerably self-imposed big brother who is himself doing overtime in order to eat.

The three Latin countries, France, Italy and Spain, again remind us of the limits of Christmas, as more than a religious celebration. It has never been a *fête*, *festa*, *fiesta*, in the sense that Dickens made of it. New Year's Day and the Epiphany rate higher for that sort of thing. The nearest any of the three come to our tradition is the French *réveillon* on Christmas Eve when oysters, goose, *bombe*, Brie, and champagne, used to form a frequent menu.

You can have them still—I should say in Paris for about 2,500 francs (£5 odd) a head, and the equivalents of such spreads for rather less in Rome and Madrid. How, then, are such countries rated among the Have-Nots? Well, chiefly, I suppose, on account of the parlous state of their finances, or their economies, or both, and only in secondary case by reason of their food situations, the fact that a proportion of their populations—largest in Spain, then Italy, then France—cannot afford the black market save on carefully schemed occasions although recourse to it is absolutely necessary.

There is also the fact that many of these people can be as cold and dim throughout the winter as we were for a notorious fortnight only. The Christmas candles may burn low with us, but they won't go out.

TURNING now to where they'll burn brightly, I plump for Belgium as the brightest spot in Europe this Yuletide. Belgians are great devotees of Nöel and they have all that it takes: splendid toys and presents of every kind, complete Christmas menus as of old, the temperament to enjoy the good things amid a brilliance of lighting, and not least a processional veering to midnight mass. Perhaps I should really plump for Benelux inasmuch as Belgians go to happy Luxembourg to eat (!) while the Dutch can hardly go without the blessings next door in Antwerp and Brussels.

Switzerland and Czechoslovakia are two more which will put the crib and the candles

Christmas—All Over The World

and tree in many a window, and keep a Yule as of yore. For all its being hauled to Moscow, the land of good King Wenceslaus will still carol and feast.

In Scandinavia, Sweden has taken a decisive lead in well-being and can put up any sort of Christmas that her self-discipline and Lutheran ties may sanction, and I recall no more apt Yuletide than Stockholm to the tinkle of sleigh bells sliding from one Swedish Punch party to the next. Whereupon I break off to quote, in season, Sir Arthur Salter: "Sweden and Switzerland . . . have been preserved by the blood and toil and destruction of other democratic States. They have a great tradition of philanthropy. They are incomparably better off than their neighbours. They have done much. Could they not do more?"

Danes possess the seasonable perquisites too, and have the right atmosphere, though they may not be counted among the "Haves" much longer.

Eire, too, is beginning to feel the pinch over such things as heat, lighting, transport, and prices. But she cannot be disconnected yet from the company of Haves, if only for the stunning fare and good cheer of which she is capable.

Christmas on the Liffey will be a much more seasonable affair than on the Thames.

FOR the bulk of the real Haves we must, of course, range beyond Europe—to the whole Western Hemisphere from Hudson Bay to Magellan Strait, to Australasia, and to parts of that Africa which awaits a return to sanity by European man. When we again hear Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Colonies on the Christmas hook-up, I expect many at the sending end will be toasting us as among the Have-Nots. We shall wave across the oceans and say: "We'd have far less without you."

Americans will hit the Christmas peak wherever they may be. It is such an occasion with them. As the masters of Have, they'll pile on the vittels revolving round turkey and cranberry sauce, and the Americans in Germany and Austria will go awassailing with them too.

I've been invited to Heidelberg for Christmas. The company, local children; the host, an American. "I'm making it a real German *Weinachten*," he says. "Their own hymns, songs, games, tree and decorations, and, as far as possible, eats and gifts. We're going to be just onlookers."

It'll come off, too, as planned, but the worst of it is there'll be Germans in the town who'll put it down to propaganda. Not even "Heilige Nacht" floating out over the Neckar will banish that twisted notion. The only thing that might, would be if the guests were old people.

I see Germany's old people as the sunken extreme of this Christmas. When are we going to balance kind care for the old with our diligent and praiseworthy, closest attention to childhood's thriving? Surely that's a Christian thought to end on?

END

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Sir Framley And The Bear

(*Continued from page* 19)

suddenly and he sniffed up at the sky.

"Bad weather on the way, Minnie. If we're going north today we must leave immediately after the ceremony."

"Yes dear," Minerva said, getting to her feet. "Whatever you say." She shook her fine coat and joined her husband who was now on the edge of the floe getting ready to dive in.

"You stay here, Archie," she said. "We won't be long," and she added the warning cry of all mothers. "Try not to get dirty!" Forgetting that a black cub could hardly get dirty on an ice floe, and with that she and her husband disappeared into the sea.

Archie stayed where he was and began patting a few handfuls of snow on the back of his neck to make a white collar, but each time he turned his head to see the effect, the collar slipped off. He gave that up and began studying his chest to see if any white hairs had appeared there during the day, but none had. He knew now, in spite of his parents kindly meant assurances that he would always be black, and a black polar bear was against nature. He belonged nowhere. He was a freak.

The cub sat quite still, sobered by the truth. It was simply because of his black coat that the Pearys must go into exile.

Exile . . . Archie was sunk so deep in thought he did not hear his mother calling him from the mainland.

"Archie! Archie! Come along, Archie!"

He looked up, a little frightened by the wild, terrifying (*Continued on page* 56)

It was a foul moment for him to arrive

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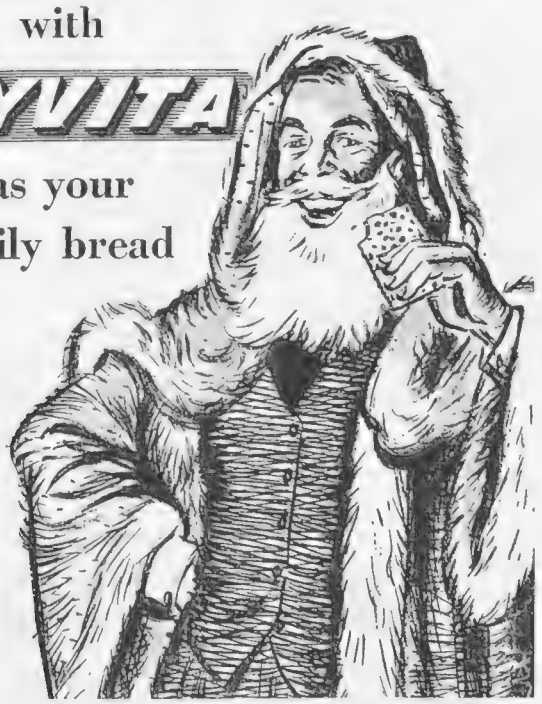

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thought that had just come into his head.

"Do come along, Archie. We're all waiting for you."

He slipped into the water and a minute later reappeared on the mainland beside his mother. He shook his coat and followed her reluctantly over the rocks to the christening.

THE Arctic sky was the dark blue of dying hyacinths, and so intense that each particle of air seemed to quiver with blueness.

All the afternoon Sir Framley Hepplewhite had been trudging along through the snow and watching the sky anxiously, hoping that the storm which was hovering somewhere on the horizon would move off and leave Van Dorpen's Land in peace.

The old explorer had made fairly good time on his first day's march alone. A growing sense of urgency warned him to try and reach the shelter of the yellow grotto before the storm broke.

Now, as he hurried, he heard the first muttering of the storm. The baronet stopped and fixed the dog harness and the fishing net more securely to his person, then he took a last look at his objective, Cape Fortinbras, a distant, snow-covered headland shaped like a man's arm, for hidden in the lower rocks of the headland was the yellow grotto. He pulled down his fur hood and set off again, but before he had gone half a mile there was a tiny spurt of snow in front of him, as if a finger had lifted it up, and a second later a million fingers round him were spurting up snow. This was the first breath of the blizzard and Sir Framley put his head down and went harder than ever.

Sir Framley tucked away his beard, for the wind always went for that first, and hurried on. It was more difficult, now, to see the low outline of Cape Fortinbras through the snow flurries, and the sportive wind which plucked at his trousers was overtaken by a stronger wind which drove hard on the baronet's back and seemed as if it would lift him up and bowl him along before it. Almost without pausing, Sir Framley was able to hoist a sail on his back made from his snowshoes, pushed inside his red flannel nightshirt. Then his feet really did leave the ground, and he sped along before the wind, touching down only at every third step. Once or twice the nightshirt filled dangerously and threatened to capsize, but by reefing in the sleeves and buttoning up the neck he managed to get it under control, and after that he went better than ever. He touched down only at every tenth step, skipped over leads and crevasses, and broke in one hour all records for Arctic travel.

But a nervous craft like Sir Framley's needed careful handling, and every trick known to a sailor was needed to keep it trimmed. Sir Framley was not a sailor and the end came swiftly less than a mile from Cape Fortinbras. The driving wind was suddenly overtaken by the Storm King himself, thundering down with his ten thousand white horses, and each white horse was ridden by a shrieking fury. They trampled down the baronet and left him capsized in the snow, quite flattened out under his nightshirt. He rose painfully to his knees and was immediately flattened out again. He tried crawling but the shrieking furies swung him round and spat snow in his eyes. He lay spreadeagled on the ground until they had past, then almost before he could lift his head he felt the crushing weight of snow piling on his back. Here was the worst enemy, the blinding blizzard itself, for if he lay down now he might never get up again. Twice Sir Framley yielded and felt the snow blanket covering him, but each time he struggled to his feet, groped his way on. He was blinded by the whirling snow and his strength was quite gone. All that was left alive in him was his strong sense of direction. First one leg then the other became dead and finally his knees gave under him and he fell. He put out one hand in front of him in a despairing effort to rise and it rested not on snow, but on soft black fur. In his delirium he thought he had found one of his dogs again.

"Tracer!" he cried. "Tracer, you've come back!" and his arms went lovingly round the furry neck. "Tracer, my dear, dear friend, you've come back." Blind tears of joy were

Sir Framley And The Bear

running down his bearded cheeks as he buckled on the harness.

"Up, Tracer," he shouted, with a sudden new note of command in his voice. "Up, boy! We're nearly there!" and he gave him a hard lash on the back leg with one of his snowshoes. The poor creature in the harness bounded forward, jerking the baronet up on to his feet, and together they made a wildly erratic course through the driving snow to the headland.

"Oh, good boy. Good boy!" Sir Framley cried, but rather faintly now, for he was being dragged along the snow on his knees. "How strong you are today, and I was nearly done. Well done, boy. Well done. Now, pull in here. Pull, Tracer! Pull in here!" and they plunged through the deep snowdrift which almost hid the mouth of the little grotto and reached safety.

The old baronet lay gasping on the sandy floor, but just before he became senseless, he smiled, for he was safe at last in his beloved grotto. He did not know, of course, that he was sharing it with a remarkably hungry bear.

ARCHIE followed his mother up the beach and the two went padding along silently in the direction of the rock pool. This was a great meeting place for the ice bears. The christenings took place down by the spring, the rocky ledges above were used for the debates and the level strip of ground beside the pool where the snow was beaten quite flat was the dancing floor.

The entire bear colony was gathered round the pool, and Peary and the oldest Elder were waiting down beside the spring. Minerva took her black cub forward, shielding it as much as possible from the curious eyes of all the bears. The oldest Elder, whose immense age was plainly shown by the patchiness of his coat, blinked his watery eyes and swallowed hard. Certainly it was the first time in his long life that he had ever seen a black polar bear.

Archie could no longer be shielded. He stood alone by the spring while his parents conferred with the Elder about his name. Peary and Minerva then withdrew into the crowd, not caring to catch anyone's eye and waited very nervously while the Elder mumbled through the preliminary speech. Finally, though, the thin old voice lifted and carried clearly across the pool.

"And so I do declare this boy to be named Archibald."

Immediately two strong acolytes who had been eagerly awaiting this moment, seized Archie by his four paws and ducked him, not very ceremoniously, in the pool. There was a burst of laughter from the assembled bears and the oldest Elder looked round at them disapprovingly. This was a most solemn moment in a bear's life. He nodded to Archie who paddled off to take refuge behind his mother.

Well, that was over and now the dancing. The dancing! How the cry went up round the pool and all the bears fell over each other in their eagerness to be first on the dancing floor. The Pearys followed more soberly and waited for the first pause in the dance. But it was impossible to remain sober long with all the bears hopping round and hugging each other with such enjoyment. Archie, waiting dutifully between his two handsome parents, longed to be out there among the dancers, he looked up at his mother with hopeful eyes. Minerva, who was also anxious to join in the dance with her husband, looked round for a possible partner for him, and her eye fell on Hazel, the youngest and prettiest bear of them all. She had just left the floor, flushed and excited from the last dance.

"Hazel, dear," Minerva said. "Will you dance with Archie?"

But Hazel with the eyes of all the bears upon her was quite beside herself. She put up her paw to her pretty nose and said:

"Pooh! Dance with little Blackface! I should hope not!" and with that she caught up her partner and was back again on the dancing floor.

Archie dropped his (*Continued on page* 58)

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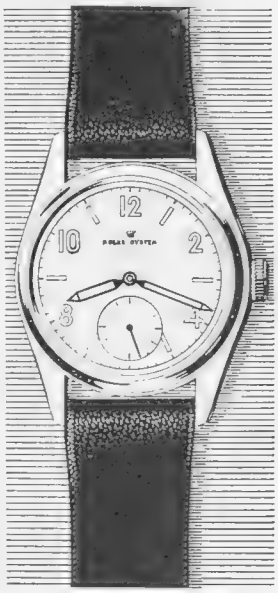

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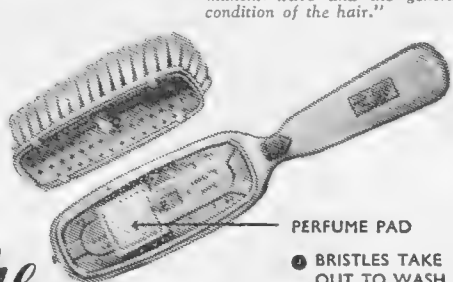

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head for his heart was breaking, and a second later a well-aimed kick from one of the dancers sent him spinning away over the ice. No one stopped him. No one does stop a bear going into exile, and with the cries of the dancers growing fainter in his ears he set off.

How long he travelled he did not know, and even when the weather changed and a blizzard swept down on him he did not care. He thought his heart was broken and as there was no one with him to tell him it was not, he went on crying, and he stumbled into several snow drifts because he had not looked where he was going. In fact it was as he was backing out of one of these drifts he encountered the old baronet capsized under his red nightshirt, and then, to Archie's infinite surprise, he was strapped into a harness, given a sharp blow on one of his hind legs, and because he hardly cared what happened to him, he started off and was guided by the half-conscious explorer into the mouth of the yellow grotto.

It was certainly peaceful in there after the blizzard and Archie looked round with the greatest interest. He examined the curious stalactites, and the walls where the blue-green eggs of the Arctic guillemot were laid neatly along the ledges. Indeed as Archie wandered round he was amazed to find that his heart was not broken after all, and the indignities of the dancing floor were quite forgotten. The old baronet, waking up at that moment and realizing he had mistaken

Sir Framley And The Bear

Archie for his dog Tracer, apologized so handsomely that the young bear could not be offended. Sir Framley, indeed, was so taken by the magnificence of Archie's black coat that he immediately offered to comb it for him. Archie, in turn, showed inclination to be let out of the harness, and when Sir Framley suggested beginning on the guillemot eggs it was Archie who collected them. Later, when the shells had put away in a neat pile ready to be buried in the snow outside, Sir Framley explained his theories on Polar exploration and showed Archie his finely engraved visiting cards, his knife with the seven blades and the goat's horn handle, his plumb line and his fishing net. Archie was instantly fired with the wildest enthusiasm and offered to take the baronet anywhere he wanted to go—absolutely anywhere. Exile . . . Archie rather rudely lifted his paw up to his black nose and said: "Pooh!"

Sir Framley Hepplewhite now has the most ambitious plans for next year. He hopes that harnessed to Archie he can cross the entire ice cap from east to west and leave one of his cards, weighed down with a heavy stone on the North Pole itself. His purpose in making this attempt will be purely scientific. With Archie, on the other hand, it is just a boy's curiosity. Like so many lesser explorers, he simply likes to know what lies beyond the next ridge.

END

Time On Their Hands (*Continued from page 28*)

It was a long board fence, six feet high, and presented difficulties, but it was the only fence in sight. They leaped to clutch the top of it, dragged themselves up, and fell headlong on the other side.

They lay there a moment, bruised and exhausted, and then they began to grin happily. They stood up and dusted themselves off.

Fred said, "Neat."

They looked around.

Facing them on three sides were the tense spectators of the Wingham Common cricket match.

A deadly hush had fallen over the crowd on their appearance. Ten feet away, a Wingham player stared at them with his mouth open.

The Wingham bowler, oblivious, took his run and bowled.

An excited shout came from the crowd and automatically the three bank robbers cringed back against the fence. But the occasion for the crowd's excitement was a long, well-hit ball coming out towards the fence.

Joe saw the ball as it flashed down towards him. Instinctively he raised his hands, and incredibly the ball fell into them.

It was a creditable catch, but no one seemed to appreciate it. The Wingham player had come on the run, and he didn't appear pleased. Still clutching the ball, Joe turned and made for the fence. Jumping, he caught the top with one hand and dragged himself up and over. To his left and his right Fred and Ollie struck the ground.

They looked back. The Wingham player's head and shoulders appeared above the fence.

"A boundary!" he screamed at them. "We lose the match and it's all your fault."

Other heads and shoulders appeared beside the first. Some were clothed in the white of contestants, others belonged to members of the crowd. All were shouting threats and imprecations.

And then they began pouring over the fence, an irate and avenging horde, with violence in their eyes.

Ollie said, "Come on," and they began to run.

They had left town driving the squire's automobile; they returned on foot, tiring fast but still maintaining their lead. They came up High Street one hundred yards ahead of the mob. People fell back out of their path. The news of Wingham's defeat had evidently not preceded them.

They couldn't go very much farther. Their sides ached and their legs felt eight feet long. Behind them the crowd howled for their blood.

"Town hall," Ollie gasped. "Police."

They swung left and ran up the front steps of the town hall. It didn't matter that half an hour before they'd been fleeing from the police, in a hail of bullets. In this crisis, bygones had to be bygones and first things came first.

As they reached the top step someone fired from inside the building. The bullet parted Fred's hair neatly and evenly. Fred dropped, muttering, "My word!" Ollie and Joe crouched on either side of him.

A voice came hollowly through the barricaded door: "Drop your weapons where we can see them and put up your hands."

"We haven't any weapons," Ollie called back. "We lost them somewhere." He turned to look apprehensively at the mob bearing down on them. "Let us in."

The reply to that was another shot. It didn't hit anyone, but the next might.

Ollie said, "Come on."

They leaped down the steps and ran around the corner of the town hall, up a lane beside the bank.

"The back door," Fred suggested.

They tried it and found it locked. Behind them the crowd was coming hungrily up the alley. They ran around another corner.

Joe remembered the window he had broken with his warning shot. They stopped under it. It yawned invitingly.

Fred said, "Hurry."

They hoisted Joe up to the window and then he reached down and gave each of them a hand in turn. They crawled through the splintered window and dropped into the bank.

The water was nearly two feet deep on the floor, though the sprinkler system had been turned off. The interior of the place looked like the deck of a stricken ship. Pieces of furniture and office equipment floated idly by.

Ollie said, "What a mess!"

Outside, the members of the crowd shouted baffled questions at each other.

"Where'll we go?" Fred asked. "They may look in here."

Ollie said, "The vault."

They ran to the rear of the bank and in a moment had the vault open.

"They probably are going on the theory no one in his right mind would come in here, with the place like this," Fred said.

"Or they're still hunting for us."

They crowded into (*Continued on page 61*)

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the vault and drew the massive door to behind them. There was a light in the vault and when they finally stopped panting they looked around. Silver and banknotes lay everywhere. They grabbed handfuls of the money, letting it trickle lovingly between their fingers.

"Look at it!" Ollie exulted. "Thousands of pounds. And all ours."

Fred said happily, "It's worth all the trouble we've been through."

Joe asked, "How're we going to get out again?"

Ollie had an answer to that. He sat on the floor with his back against the wall, counting five-pound notes.

"I arranged it," he said. "It's six now.

Time On Their Hands

The bank doesn't open until nine in the morning. Fifteen hours. So I set the time lock ahead five hours." He straightened out a crumpled note and added it to the stack in front of him.

Fred looked up slowly from the silver coins he had been heaping neatly between his outstretched legs.

"So did I," he announced hoarsely.

A deep silence fell over them. They looked at each other and then they slowly turned and looked at Joe.

Joe nodded.

"Sorry, Ollie," he said.

END

Carriage Folk—No More

(*Continued from page* 20)

procession travelling from sink to sink!

The landed gentry may still be living in pretty houses, among those *objets d'art* and period pieces which they have not yet sold (all the silver has been put away, to save cleaning hours); but apart from their background and surroundings, they lead the useful and active lives of any working people . . . with considerably less free money to spend on amusements than many a wage-earner (nearly everything goes on upkeep, and, although a move to a modest, labour-saving home would be desirable, nobody will buy the unwieldly white elephant of a mansion).

A neighbour of mine, searching for the haven of an easily run cottage to live in, was admonished by a retired retainer of feudal ideas: "I hope, madam, that you will find a place suitable to your station. . . ."

"Station?" snorted the exasperated house-hunter, "More like a wayside halt!"—and left it at that.

END

Billingsgate-Bound

(*Continued from page* 29)

who were already fish-hungry. Can that be believed? The little ship's ice-room abounded with food of the sort liked by landsmen—but fish-trained stomachs revolted; only fish could satisfy the need. My skipper told me for fact that if his ship were tied up in port for more than twenty-four hours, he had perforce to go and buy fish from the shops!

We had no luck in the Skerries, except to mangle the stout trawl on the wreckage of a torpedoed ship. In any case, the bad weather made trawling a precarious pastime—the abiding dread of the North Sea man is lest savage seas should burst in his decks and cause him to founder unconditionally, with scant chance of rescue. We anchored under the lee of the Shetlands; and I fished assiduously—though with small success—with a baited line. My skipper, driven desperate by his stomach's needs, said:

"Reckon I'll just daunder along to the forty-fathom patch!"

"How big is your forty-fathom patch?" I asked.

"Mebbee a square mile or so." Now, I hold all the navigational certificates that can be held by one man. I am qualified to take the *Queen Elizabeth* anywhere where she will float. But to do this—or to carry out a survey of, say, Magellan Straits, I need working tools.

"How do you find your patch?" I asked. He shook his head as he replied: "I dunno exactly—I just find it." And, two days later, I was aroused from deep sleep in the self-sacrificing skipper's bedplace by a shout of:

"Tell that—So-and-So—to drop a lead over!" I did so; it recorded precisely forty fathoms to the inch.

"Shoot her!" said the skipper, and the great trawl—repaired by now—went over. When "Trawl-ho!" was called after three hours' slow steaming, the great net came up bursting with prime cod. And we fished a full ship inside four working days. I doubt if all the scientists after years of abstruse calculations could have succeeded so satisfactorily!

THERE are three kinds of fishing around our stormy coasts: trawling—for bottom fish such as cod, plaice, haddock, soles and ling; drift net for surface fish like herring; line-fishing, this latter once again for deep-water fish. There are coastwise variants, which in sum are almost insignificant as compared with the prime three.

Trawlers take the sea for definite voyages, lasting variously from a week to, perhaps, a month. Drifters go out on the evening tide, and return with daylight, having in the brief night watches filled their holds with finny spoil—succulent, rich in proteins, invaluable in a nation's dietary. Line-men usually work between the two limits, depending on the luck—in the main they are inshore men, satisfied with comparatively small hauls.

When a trawler leaves port she does it casually—I've never noticed the batches of tearful women waving sad farewells so beloved of the poets and sentimentalists. There is less fuss at departure than if a mere hour's recreation is pending.

It is when trawling begins that the work really grows interesting—especially to an amateur. To the professionals it is commonplace enough—merely a serial hard-labour story. The customary procedure is to drop a dan-buoy overboard, since the best fishing is out of sight of land, and steam in circles around the guiding-mark. The great otters are designed to keep the mouth of the big ground-net wide open to trap as many fish as possible. The net itself comprises side-screens which make the bag itself into a sort of slowly-moving pen, trailing along the sea-bottom. The trawl-beam is a gigantic hawser on the bottom of the net, to keep the trap sunk and its mouth open. Trawling occupies three hours at each spell; the yell of "Trawl ho!" means that the great bag, with its "cod-end" securely tied, must be hove inboard. The cry is always followed by the thunderous clang of the trawl-hook, cast adrift to facilitate the inboard haul. The towing hawsers are of wire; the trawl-hook keeps them together without splaying widely apart.

Often the oil and air in the netted fish bring the trawl to the surface before the inward haul does; but with the bursting net alongside the real soul-stirring work begins, for that gigantic trap, containing tons of fish, has to be manhandled sufficiently for the crane-fall to be hitched to it in such a way that it can be lifted over the fish-pens of the trawler's fore-deck. A cold job for bare hands, however work-worn! And fishing goes on, remember, through winter and summer alike, for millions of hungry stomachs crave for the plentiful catch.

The cod-end is the base of the trawl-net; it is a wide mouth secured with a cunningly hitched rope; and as the dripping bag climbs to the peak of the crane, the mate or first fisherman dexterously twitches the lashing loose; whereupon a (*Continued on page* 62)

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veritable Niagara of silvery-shining fish cascades into the pens—overflowing, filling the deck. Halibut, like portly old gentlemen in evening dress, plaice, turbot—the variety is infinite—rock-cod, rock-salmon, hake, monk-fish; to enumerate them all would fill a book. The moment the net is emptied, the cod-end is tied up afresh, the trawl dumped overside, and trawling recommences. But with a liberal catch, the entire three hours of each trawl is occupied by cleaning the previous catch.

Day and night alike the toil continues—out-trawl, clean-catch, in-trawl. From each bagful the cook selects choice specimens for the cuddy table. Anyone who has not eaten fresh fish so newly caught that it still seems alive on the platters, has yet to taste one of life's most perfect dishes.

Crews are paid in shares of varying degree; the skipper, who often owns a portion of his ship, taking the lion's portion; but at its best, trawling is a lucrative trade; and the earnings of some fishermen are almost fantastically large. Many skippers earn £3,000—even £4,000—per annum. To-day the fishing industry is passably prosperous—fish is needed to eke out the sparse meat rations allowed by present circumstances; but it has passed through long, terrible periods of dire depression, which caused trained fishermen to leave this work and seek employment in foreign-going merchantmen. Moreover, the trawling industry suffered badly from the competition of foreign ships, which bought coal and stores in their own countries, but landed and sold their catches in British ports. This is being altered, however, with benefit to our home-bred men and ships.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page* 42)

The face treatments cost from £1 5s. for several types of facial lasting an hour each, to £3 10s. for their very special treatment. For country women the home treatment and make-up lesson at £1 5s. is a good idea. If your nerves are on edge and you are feeling thoroughly tired out, nothing is more soothing than the neck and shoulder treatment which costs seventeen shillings and sixpence.

With slight variations, this list of charges can be taken as more or less usual in all West End hairdressers and beauty parlours.

END

Jet Black Magic

(*Continued from page* 32)

"All things. I knows now all about you."

And Hepiziah told Lady Chortlon all that he knew. She was spellbound before the revelation.

Here was something which made her visits to seances, clairvoyants, astrologers, mediums, card-readers, palmists, phrenologists, fortune-tellers—oh, all her attempts to delve into the Unknown which Joshua had so angrily tried to make her discard—appear trivial and ridiculous.

Old Hepiziah glanced furtively at her.

"I knows your man is home to England. That is too far even for Obeah to work. Ma'am, when I is young I is very good house-boy. I is old now, and near to my time. But I is still spry enough to be very good house-boy for a journey home to England."

"You—I—oh! You mean for me to take you home with me."

"Yassum! And once there I works Obeah: and gets your man, ma'am."

That this was only the cunning means to a far greater end Old Hepiziah did not explain. Anyway, it was likely that this foolishly credulous old white lady would find her husband at home when she arrived there. He stamped out the embers with the leathery sole of a bare foot.

Before the glow died Lady Chortlon saw the dignity of his age-wrinkled features and his halo of white wool. Here was no charlatan. Had he not proved that by his astounding knowledge of her private affairs, here, in this strange land, where no-one but her brother-in-law knew the slightest thing about her?

"It will be the last time. Just to get Joshua back," Lady Chortlon soliloquised. Then, determinedly: "In the morning we will go into Kingston and arrange everything."

"Ma'am," Old Hepiziah cried, "I is your servant!"

THE next day his servile eagerness as passport and steamer ticket were purchased deprived Lady Chortlon of any doubts that might have lingered. And the fact that the old man desired no money, wanted nothing more than to be taken to England so that he might, with his magic, bring about the return of Joshua, increased her faith in him.

So that, at last, Old Hepiziah carried Lady Chortlon's baggage up the steamship's gangway, disposed it in her cabin, and scurried down to hiding in his third class quarters before she had a chance to change her mind.

At Avonmouth the bundle of Obeah intrigued the Customs so that they nearly missed their train, but the dried bats-heads and centipedes, the baby alligator bodies, the flattened frogs and other oddments were eventually dubbed specimens, and the high-voiced excitable old Negro passed into England. The train journey roused no enthusiasm in him, but at the London terminus Lady Chortlon was forced by his pleading to order the taxi to detour down the Mall and up Constitution Hill so that he might compare the shrine with his picture post card.

Reverently he doffed his hat as they swept round the Victoria Memorial, and his glazed old eyes were dazzled by the glittering white marble. "I seen it!" he muttered. "To-morrow, I betcha, I visits it."

At home Lady Chortlon miserably scanned the letters in the hall. Then, her hopes rising again, she harried the maid forth to sleep with the chauffeur's wife and housed Old Hepiziah safely for the night.

Early next morning his unaccustomed boots clumping down the stairs wakened her and though she called to him she did not catch his mumbled reply to her entreaties that he was to be careful, and he was through the front door before she could don dressing-gown and slippers.

She spent the day in a fever of anxiety that was enhanced by his appearance when he returned in the afternoon.

Forgetting his agonizing boots Old Hepiziah strode in and faced Lady Chortlon accusingly. His wrinkled black face was distorted with disillusionment; his thin trembling hands thrashed the air; his eyes were alight with frustrated fury.

"I is fetched here to this place on fool's errand!" he cried.

"One great wish I has afore my time is up. And I come here for that wish," Old Hepiziah sobbed. He held out his treasured post card for her to see. "She ain't in that.

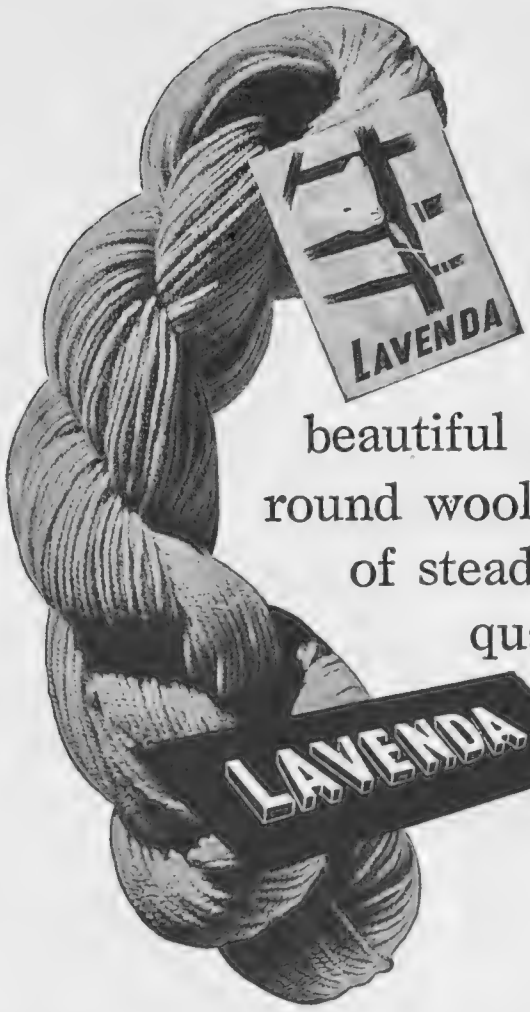
"Queen Victoria is very good man. She frees us folks from slavery. I don't wish nothing else afore I dies but to stand afore her shrine." His voice rose to a quavery shriek. "But that ain't!" He flung the fraudulent post card that he had delusively cherished all these years upon the floor and stamped on it. "Nossuh! She ain't enshrined there!"

Lady Chortlon's hands fluttered.

"How does I find out, huh? A police-officer tells me."

"I—I—I could have——"

"Why does that police officer tells me? 'Cause I gets swindled. How? Lissen! A big-shouldered white (*Continued on page* 64)



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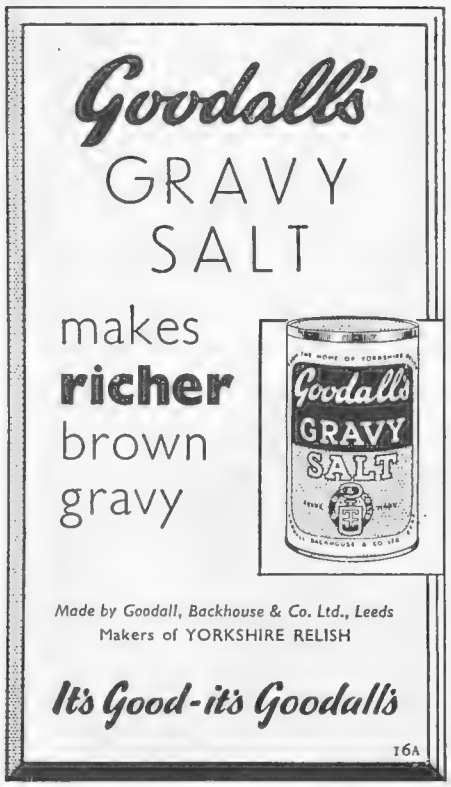

gentleman who wears cockeye little hat and shiny sharp shoes tells me he am Surveyor for Buckingham Palace; and when he hears why I is there and how Queen Victoria saves me in that 'quake he says it touches his heart. And 'cause of that he lets me buy the crown offern that lovely white statue to take home as a relic better'n my post card. And it is when I is a climbing after that wonderful crown that the police officer comes and tells me I been swindled and it ain't Queen Victoria's real shrine and nothing but just a 'morial."

"But, Hepiziah, I didn't know or I could have told you," Lady Chortlon pleaded. "And, after all, you really came to—to—to find my husband with your Obeah."

"Don't do no such thing!" Hepiziah screamed. "I just tells you that. I comes to stand afore Queen Victoria's shrine."

A broken, bitterly disappointed old man he went from the room upstairs to remove the boots that were adding to his sorrows. And, sitting there on his bed, he remembered suddenly that this old woman who had fetched him all these thousands of miles on a wild goose chase held his return ticket! Humbly he came downstairs again.

"I works Obeah for you, ma'am," he said: and loudly he added: "I goes home then, huh?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!"

"To-morrow. I goes first thing to-morrow."

"But—but——"

"I works Obeah to-night." He eyed her surlily. She held his steamer ticket. And all his money had gone to that pseudo Surveyor of Buckingham Palace. "I gotta has a fire," he grumbled.

"The kitchen. You could use the gas-stove. I'll send the cook and the maid out. Oh!" Lady Chortlon caught her breath. "I have to go out to-night."

"You goes. I works Obeah alone."

"But I must be here to watch."

"You stays and nothing don't happen."

She sensed that the old man's decision to work Obeah that night and then go off in the morning, not waiting on any result, was adamant and, her faith in him severely jolted, yielded to his wishes. She telephoned for her car and apprehensively wondered on what pretext to get rid of the servants.

From his room that overlooked Hyde Park Old Hepiziah looked out over the lights and up at the darkening sky. Without opening the door he received Lady Chortlon's final instructions and then, at the window again, he watched her drive off. The two servants left and he scowled as they looked back up at the window and laughed. Listening to the silence of the empty house he brooded on the quickest way he could get back to Jamaica. And he came to the conclusion that at least he must make a show of having performed Obeah. For he had not yet got his ticket.

Irascibly and abstractedly he gathered together the mysteries of his cult and descended the stairs.

Ten minutes later inspiration brought him running excitedly from out the kitchen.

Room by room he ransacked the house, peering in cupboards, pulling out drawers, probing beneath cushions, until at last, in Lady Chortlon's room, he found the lizard-skin bag she had carried on the voyage. In it was his return ticket. Unable to read he recognized it tucked in his passport. There were pound notes also.

And Sir Joshua Chortlon's taxi passed in the narrow, tree-lined street an aged Negro who hurried on bare feet to where he might be directed to Avonmouth, and the docks, and HOME.

The fuming, scarlet-faced little knight did not notice Old Hepiziah for he was dwelling furiously upon the contents of his brother Thomas's cable from Jamaica. And his anger was tinged with incredulity.

An hour later Lady Chortlon, returning post-haste to discover any result of Old Hepiziah's Obeah, found that it had materialized in the bodily appearance of Joshua himself. But the glint in his eyes halted her affectionate bound forward. Her heart sank. He was in a worse temper than when he had gone away!

Jet Black Magic

"What's this latest damned foolery, eh? At your age and all! Where is 'e? Where is the blighter? I'll give 'im a piece of me mind and all. I'll——"

"Josh!" Lady Chortlon cried, stepping back hastily as he threw her hand from his arm. "It was just to get you back. That was——"

"Is this 'ere cable from Tom true or isn't it?" Joshua yelled. "Eloping with a blackie! And 'im old enough to be your grandfeyther and all. Where is 'e, eh?"

Lady Chortlon was scared. Hot tempered as her husband was, she had never seen him like this. She was frightened of apoplexy.

"Your damned silly nonsense with spooks and table-rappings was the limit," he bawled. "But you've capped it with this escapade." He banged the table and a piece of plaster dropped from the ceiling. "A grandmother! And cutting these capers! Why—I'll—I'll—Eee! But it's terrible."

Tears splashed down Lady Chortlon's cheeks. Old Hepiziah's Obeah had worked—but in what a tragic manner!

"Went away to teach you a lesson: make you give over this associating with fortune-telling tricksters. But only to the next street. Got meself lodgings there and was on the very point of coming back when you went to that there Madame Bassanio. Ee, yes, mother, I kept tabs on you. I did and all. But this is the finish. I'm going for keeps this time."

"But, Josh, I stopped going to seances when you went off," Lady Chortlon cried tearfully. "And I only went to Madame Bassanio to try and find out where you were. And Old Hepiziah promised to bring you back, and he did—but——"

"I'm going again," Joshua shouted. "I'm not going to be brought back by any blackie's hocus-pocus. Ba gum I'm not!"

He hurled a chair from his path and made for the door. She watched hopelessly. He was going in an even more determined way than he had gone before. The slammed door rattled a vase from an occasional table and Lady Chortlon, tears trickling swiftly now, heard him stamping violently down to the entrance hall. She sank into a chair and gave way to despair.

And became so immersed in grief that it was a long time before she realized that she had not heard the front door. And it was impossible for Joshua in a temper like that not to slam a door!

She dried her eyes and tip-toed to the door to listen, and, tense, full of fear of she knew not what, she peeped out. Then the door was flung wide and she gathered her skirts for a plunge down the stairs.

On the door-mat her husband lay in a heap. His cheeks were a sickly green: his eyes bulged and watered: he hiccuped: and intermittently his diaphragm contracted in spasms.

Half dragging, half carrying, she got him upstairs, first to the bathroom, then to bed. Hot water bottles she brought, and bicarbonate of soda, and brandy.

"'Ad to be took ill before I realized 'ow much I need you, mother," he whispered. "Ba gum! I was took badly, I was and all."

"Don't talk. Lie still." Tenderly and gratefully Lady Chortlon nursed him.

"Ah! If you'd only finished with all that foolery."

"But I have, Josh. Only—only that old black man did prove to me that his Obeah could tell him things. He knew all about me. Everything! And about you, too."

"His Obeah told him poppycock!" Joshua snorted. "That old blackie's grandson is Tom's houseboy."

"Oh!"

"Let's make bygones bygones, mother," Sir Joshua said. "We need to be reet happy in the old days. Before, the war came and I 'ad to make radar parts instead of bicycles in my shop, and made money, and got to be mayor, and 'ad that K.B.E. hung on me."

"They were happy times, Josh, lad. You were a good husband."

"Ah! Man never 'ad a better wife. Nor mother. Nor cook. (*Continued on page 66*)

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Remember the suppers we used to 'ave in the little back kitchen? Eee!" Sir Joshua forgot his hiccups and licked his lips. "Hot-pot, steak-pudden, tripe-and-onions—Whee! But, mother, your cooking's gone off terrible."

"No such thing!" Lady Chortlon denied. "Though I'm not allowed to cook in my own home, these days. But I'm going to insist on doing it in future. And give over those seances and spiritualists that have caused this trouble between us, Josh', lad."

"And there'll be no more trouble, mother. Eee! I guess it must have been the servants."

"What?"

"When I was putting my coat on in the hall I glanced in the kitchen. There was a pot bubbling forgotten on the gas-jet. Eee! It made me come over all sentimental.

Jet Black Magic

Then, when I'd 'ad a plateful, I come over terrible sick. But I feel gradely now, mother, with your nursing."

Lady Chortlon was blanching as, slowly, one by one, she recalled the indescribable THINGS Old Hepiziah had used in his Obeah. From the door she queried solicitously: "Josh'! Oh, Josh'! You *were* very ill in the bathroom."

"Ba gum, I were," Sir Joshua corroborated. "And better after it. Why—Hi! Where are you off to?"

Lady Chorlton flew up to the maid's room. But only Old Hepiziah's discarded boots were there. He had left nothing else. Unless, perhaps, his Obeah, and a little faith in it, in the happy heart of Lady Chortlon.

END

Clover Pink And Green

(*Continued from page* 36)

in main rib for 6 ins., then dec. 1 st. at the side edge of the next and every 4th row following until 50 sts., then inc. 1 st. at the side edge of the next and every 6th row following until 70 sts. on needle and work measures 17 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next two armhole end rows, k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 45 sts. remain.

YOKE

Change to green wool with a k. row. Continue in moss st. Work until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time dec. 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next four armhole end rows.

Work left front as for the right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and green wool cast on 50 sts. Work 1½ ins. moss st. Change to pink wool with a k. row. Work 1 in. main rib, continue in main rib inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 88 sts. and sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 28 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS (green wool and No. 12 needles).

Right Front.—Pick up and work all in moss st. the 9 sts. from safety pin. Work 2 rows, make a buttonhole: moss st. 3, cast off 3, moss st. 3. Next row: moss st. 3, cast on 3, moss st. 3.

Continue making buttonholes 1¾ ins. apart until edge measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, cast on 110 sts. for the neckband, moss st. 4 rows. Make buttonhole in the front edge.

Moss st. 3, cast off 3, moss st. to end of row.

Next row.—Moss st. back to the cast-off sts., cast on 3 sts., moss st. 3. Moss st. 2 rows. Cast off.

Pick up the sts. from the left front on safety pin. Work the same length as right front strip omitting buttonholes. Work 8 rows moss st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the front strips and round the neckband.

Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Gloves To Match

(*Continued from page* 36)

2nd finger.—K. 7 sts. from the back of hand. Pick up 2 sts. from the base of first finger, k. 7 sts. from palm of hand, turn, cast on 2 sts. (18 sts.). Work 28 rows.

Shape top as for the first finger.

3rd finger.—As for the second finger, but work 24 rows, instead of 28.

4th finger.—Pick up 7 sts. from the back, 2 sts. from the base of third finger, 7 sts. from the palm (16 sts.). Work 16 rows. Shape top as for the first finger.

Thumbs (both alike). Cast on 2 sts., inc. each end of every alternate row until 18 sts. Work 18 rows. Shape top as for the first finger. Work another glove to correspond, BUT reverse palm to back: i.e. place 26 sts. on needle, work last 36 sts. in pattern.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams of fingers and thumbs. Sew up side seams, leaving space to sew in thumb, sew up the ribbing at the cuffs. Sew in thumbs. Press again.

END

Books

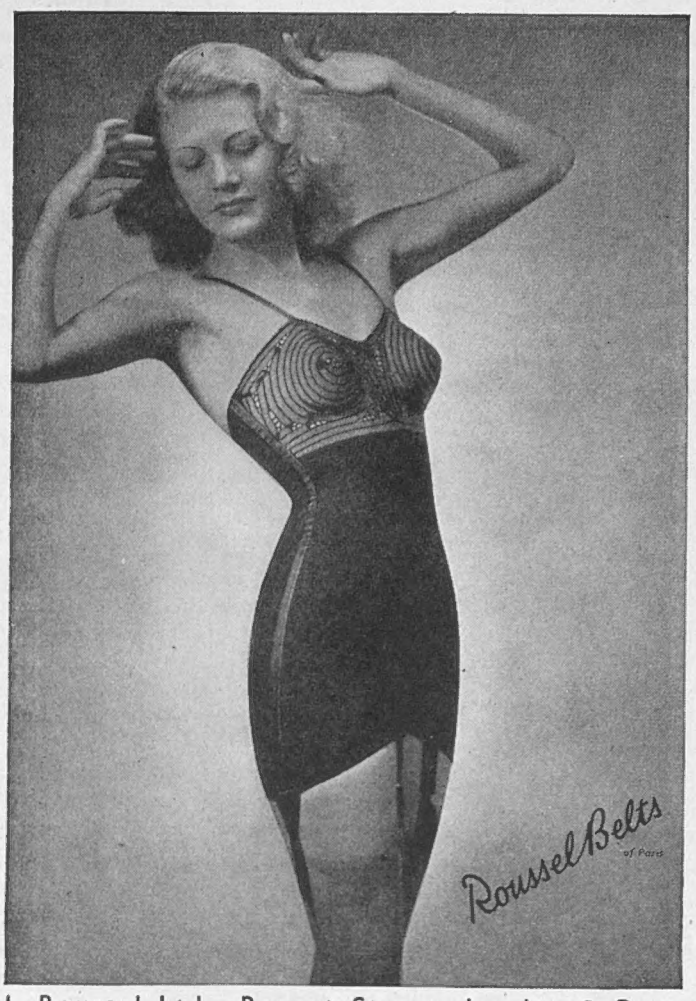
(*Continued from page* 41)

blissfully dreaming that the dam' place is on fire. The overflow of fun is nicely caught in Mr. William Steig's farcical drawings.

A NOVEL for the discriminating, sensitive to style as well as story, is Mr. Nicolas Powell's **"The Hills Remain"** (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), which tells of a lad of the Abruzzi who enlists as a sailor in the war so that distance may help him to decide about his tantalizing, faithless Camilla; yet what did distance ever do to romantic youth but lend enchantment? The vitally drawn characters include a Captain Dangeli who has Carabinieri rights over the village lasses, and a corn-chandler who tries to remove him by witchcraft. The background is as brilliant with sun and colour as a Van Gogh landscape; there is an exquisite idyll of young love in a Taranto olive grove.

AMATEUR detective Mrs. Bradley, again operative in Miss Gladys Mitchell's **"Death and the Maiden"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), is as disarmingly feminine as the Women's Institutes. This time she has to solve the murder of two boys, fantastically linked with the search of a naiad in a Hampshire stream; and, as Mr. Tidson tells Inspector Gavin at the end: "Mrs. Bradley is about to tell you a bedtime story. Pray silence, Mr. Policeman, for the grandmother whom you have been teaching to suck eggs." Which gives the Mitchell keynote: crime with humour.

MR. PETER CHEYNEY, the Big Business novelist who takes a page ad. to announce an annual million sale, beats the band in **"Dance Without Music"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.). "Yes . . . that's (*Continued on page* 68)



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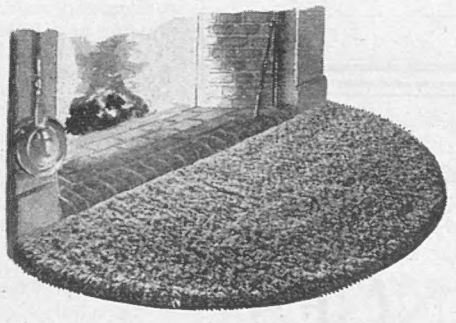

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— the mystery

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what life's like," says Esmerelda. "A lot of people dancing about on a ballroom floor—and they don't even know that the band's gone home." Freelance private detective O'Hara steps into mystery—and inevitably murder—when he sets out to save her from blackmailer-husband Alexis Ricaud. Behind the death-dance lurks also his former wife, Leonora, who when she pursed her lips "showed you just how her mouth would look if she was kissing you." A quick-fire thriller marred only by reference to a perfume as "Channel No. 5."

I ALWAYS suspected that hard-boiled press-agents were sob-brothers at heart. Mr. Russell Janney has been one; so is his U.S. hero, "Spats" Dunnigan, in **"The Miracle of the Bells"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), who befriends a little burlesque dancer, gets her a star Hollywood role, and devoutly takes her poor body back to her Pennsylvania Coaltown when she dies of T.B. after completing the picture. How the ringing of the village bells nonstop for days leads not only to a Press ballyhoo but a religious revival, and a kind of Bernadette miracle, makes a muscular story with heart and soul throb and sentiment on the raw. What a film it will make ! Get those hankies ready. . . .

"INSIDE" talk about coffins and their contents seems an unusual ingredient for an entertaining novel ! Even undertakers must talk shop, however, and there is plenty of relief in Miss Theodora Benson's **"The Undertaker's Wife"** (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) when we come to dock-labourer's daughter Lil Harley who flits lightly from lover to lover, knowing herself for "an accidental spark irrelevantly lighting a fire not laid for her," before landing at last with Joe Honeysett and kindling his undertaker's heart to some purpose. Lil's love-life may be black-edged rather than gilt-edged, but it makes an intelligent story.

ENCHANTING, with the sunglow of laden orange trees in it, and the throb of hearts and guitars, is **"Mountain of the Star"** (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.) by Miss Evelyn Webster, who lived six years in Portugal absorbing the background, and now gives us a romance as pleasing as a holiday there.

MR. DONALD STAUFFER'S **"The Saint and the Hunchback"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) starts with some seventh-century monks on a Scottish island cheerfully hewing out their stone coffins and talking philosophy and theology. I wouldn't call that exactly festive for Christmas, but the story develops into a spiritual study of two contrasting worlds and aspirations personified by man of action and man of spirit, each envying the other's virtues. There is poetry in the telling—and love, since even in those dark ages violet-eyed princesses might disturb the cloistral calm of monk and Druid.

A TIMELY reprint: Mr. John O'Hara's **"Appointment in Samarra"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.), the starkly frank story of a U.S. business community which made his name.

Here is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :

DETECTIVE FICTION

"The Indigo Necklace," by Frances Crane (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.), forms another in the popular Pat Abbot series. This time, the inscrutable lieutenant and his lovable but slightly rattle-brained wife get involved in a murder in the famous French quarter of New Orleans. In an atmosphere steeped in tradition and old world ceremony, it takes ingenious sleuthing to unravel the crime.

H. C. Bailey has written another Joshua Clunk story, **"Honour Among Thieves"** (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.). With a hymn tune on his lips and an eye to the main chance, the

shrewd and wily Joshua leads us through one of the most intriguing detective stories H. C. Bailey has ever written.

"Alarm and Excursion," by Virginia Perdue (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.); **"Whatsoever Things are True,"** by Simon Harvester (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.).

NOVELS

"Letters To a Sister" (Hollis and Carter, 8s. 6d.) completes Christopher Hollis's triology, *Death of a Gentleman* and *Fossett's Memory*. There is no medium more suited to the amateur philosopher than that of letter writing and subjects as diverse as cricket and Greece find a place in this lively correspondence.

L. T. Shortell's **"French for Trouble"** (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.) is a lively and sophisticated story of a peasant girl's subjugation to, and ultimate release from, her jealous husband and the embarrassing complications which ensue when Nevile Covernay, scion of a county family, inadvertently becomes embroiled in her affairs.

"Shining Palace," by Christine Whiting Parmenter (Lewis, 6s.); **"Wherein My Loyalty Lies,"** by Barbara Hedworth (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"The Gift,"** by J. D. Beresford and Esme Wynne Tyson (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Ride the Wind,"** by Barbara Beauchamp (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Seven Women,"** by Winifred Duke (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.); **"Winds on the Plateau,"** by Elyeen Harrold (Wm. Earl, 8s. 6d.); **"The Nettle,"** by Edward Wooll (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Girl in the Cabaret,"** by S. C. George (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Jenny,"** by Nora K. Strange (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Statues of Snow,"** by Patricia Robins (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Penny Trumpet,"** by Norah C. James (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Black Highway,"** by John Newton Chance (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Sandalwood Gate,"** by Daphne K. Forster (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

" She " is destined to become the bedside book of every woman who prides herself on her clothes, her appearance and her wit. Breezy witticisms on the feminine theme make amusing light reading and effectively sugar the pill of severely practical advice. **"She"** is printed by Odhams (Watford) Limited, and published by Odhams, price 3s. 6d., all profits to be devoted to the Printers' Pension Corporation.

Few people realize that malaria has caused more casualties through the ages than war ever produced. It has altered the course of history. In **"The Fever Bark Tree"** (W. H. Allen, 8s. 6d.), M. L. Duran-Reynals traces the fascinating history of one of mankind's greatest scourges and the discovery of the curative powers of the cinchona tree.

Travel, adventure, the spell of far-distant places and alien peoples merge with business in **"Merchant of Alphabets,"** by Reginald Orcutt (Jarrolds, 16s.), the man who sold the Linotype around the world.

"Baby and Child Care," by Benjamin Spock, M.D. (Pocket Books, 2s. 6d.); **"Utility Nurse,"** by Margaret Crisp (Chaterson, 5s.); **"Dog Stories,"** edited by Jack Goodman (Cassell, 12s. 6d.); **"The Mundane Tree,"** poems by Stowers Johnson (The Fortune Press, 7s. 6d.); **"Mona Inglesby,"** by Geoffrey Handley-Taylor (Vawser and Wiles, 8s. 6d.); **"New Zealand After Five Wars,"** by A. J. Harrop (Jarrolds, 18s.); **"French Yellow Book,"** published by authority of the French Government by Hutchinsons (8s. 6d.); **"Cleopatra in the Tide of Time,"** by Oliver C. de C. Ellis (Poetry Lovers' Fellowship, 12s. 6d.); **"Really the Blues,"** by Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe (Musicians Press, 15s.); **"The Glass of Fashion,"** by Ira Morris (Pilot Press, 9s. 6d.); **"Modes and Mannequins,"** by Max Boy (John Green, 7s. 6d.).

END

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